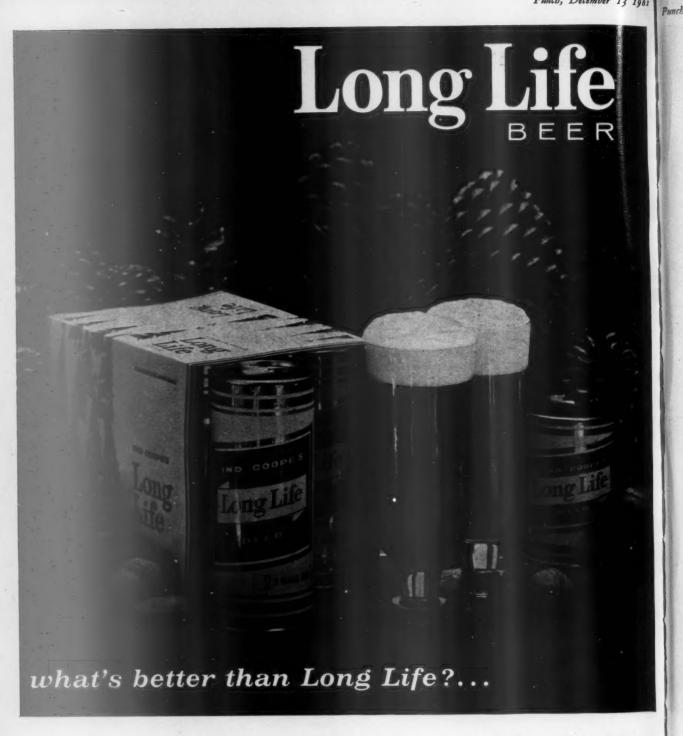
PUNCH DECEMBER 13 1961

VOL. CCXLI





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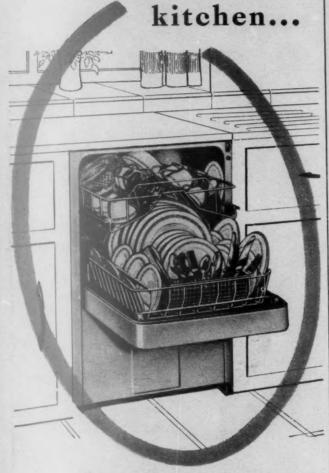
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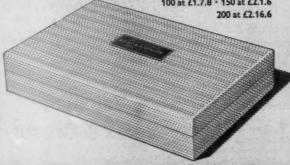
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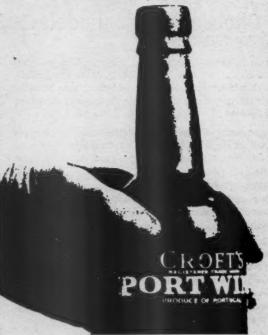
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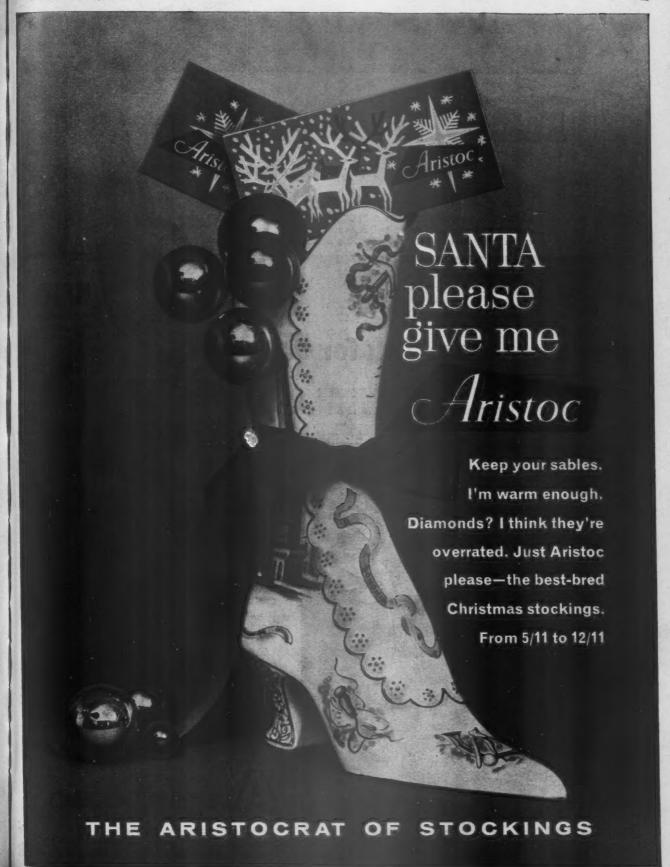
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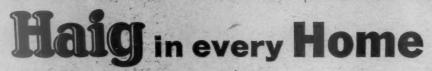
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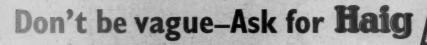
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zelnuts from Turkey



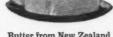
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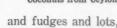
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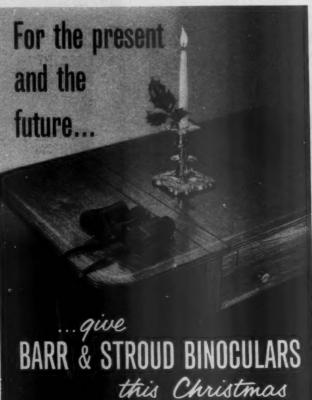
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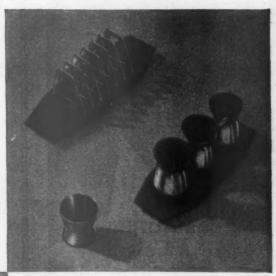
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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

### THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Affair (Strand: TEM 2660)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)
African Dance Company (Princes: TEM 6596)—until

thesist Ronald Philar old Or. 1. and 1. Eth. 1578.

African Dance Company (Princes: TEM 6596)—until Dec. 16.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

Becket (Globe: GER 1592)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. (26/661)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune: TEM 2238)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Big Soft Nellie (Theatre Royal, Stratford E.: MAR 5873)—very funny in patches, but not enough patches. (6/12/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge: TEM 6056)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

Sonne Soupe (Comedy: WHI 2578)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

The Cherry Orchard (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—new play with

Critic's Choice (Vaudeville: TEM 4871)-new play with

Do Re Mi (Prince of Waldeville: 1EM 48/1)—new play with lan Carmichael, reviewed this week.

Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales: WHI 8681)—Max Bygraves in average American musical. (18/10/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick: TEM 4601)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)
Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess: TEM 8243)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)
Guilty Party (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—very exciting big business whodunit. (23/8/61)
Heartbreak House (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—excellent revival of one of Shaw's most stimulating plays. (8/11/61)
Irma la Douce (Lyric: GER 3686)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)
The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion: WHI 3216)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)
The Keep (Royal Court: SLO 1745)—Welsh domestic comedy, unusual, touching and very funny. Until Dec. 16. (29/11/61)
The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville: TEM 4011)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)
Luther (Phoenix: TEM 8611)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
Macbeth (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—new production. Dec. 19-20
Mourning Becomes Electra (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—some virtuous assistation.

Macbeth (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—new production. Dec. 19-20
Mourning Becomes Electra (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—some virtuoso acting in worth-while revival. Dec. 13. (29/11/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—triumphantly past its ten-year test. (16/12/52)
The Music Man (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane: TEM 8108)—still a good musical. (75/5/8)
Oliver! (New: TEM 3878)—exciting British musical from Oliver Twist. (6/7/60)
One For The Poc (Whitehall: WHI 6692)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Rehearsal (Apollo: GER 2553)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Ross (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

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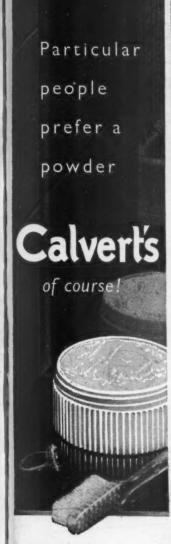
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The Sound of Music (Palace: GER 6834)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61) Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's: REG 1166)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61) Treasure Island (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—new production. Twelfth Night (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—revival with new casting. Dec. 14-16. (26/4/61) Young in Heart (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION
Edinburgh, Gateway Theatre—That Old Serpent!—14th and 15th century miracle plays, until Jan. 6.
Northampton Rep—The Bride Comes Back, by Ronald Millar, until Dec. 16.
Lincoln, Theatre Royal—Beauty and the Beast, by Nicholas Stuart Gray, until Dec. 16.
Farnham, Castle Theatre—But Once a Year, Christmas comedy by Falkland Carey, until Dec. 20.

### CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

Les Adolescentes (Jacey: TEM 3648)—Franco-Italian, directed by Lattuada; sexual awakening of young girl. Uneven, with some entertaining detail.

Bachelor Flat (Leicester Square: WHI 5252)—Hollywood uses CinemaScope, colour and Terry-Thomas to produce a glossy imitation of a British bedroom farce, lost trousers

Bachelor in Paradise (Ritz: GER 1234)—Bright comedy with Bob Hope as a sociologist studying American life. (15/11/61)

(15/11/61) Ben-Hur (Royalty: HOL 8004)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59) The Call Girl Business (Cameo-Moulin, Gt. Windmill Street: GER 1653)—Italian (Anonima Cocottes), and in spite

Street: GER 1653—Italian (Anonima Cocottes), and in spite of the cheap sensational title quite an amusing comedy, with Renato Rascel.

The Connection (Academy: GER 2981)—Uniquely impressive, from the play about the roomful of drug-addicts and the man filming them. Till Dec. 15. (22/11/61)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire (Odeon, Marble Arch: PAD 8011)—Science fiction: how bomb tests sent the earth towards the sun, and how the Daily Express reported it.

PAD 8011)—Science fiction: how bomb tests sent the earth towards the sun, and how the Daily Express reported it. (6/12/61)

Exodus (Astoria: GER 5385)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

II Generale della Rovere (International Film Theatre: BAY 2345)—Rossellini directs de Sica in war story of rogue who becomes hero by impersonation. (22/11/61)

Hiroshima Mon Amour (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Revival of the subtle, moving, allusive, atmospheric love story directed by Alain Resnais. (20/11/60)

The Innocents (Carlton: WHI 3711)—Worthy but not very gripping version of Henry James's The Turn of the Screw, with Deborah Kerr. (6/12/61)

Kapo (Continentale: MUS 4193)—Woman's inhumanity to woman in Nazi prison camps. Hate propaganda.

King of Kings (Coliseum: TEM 3161)—The life of Christ, well but too cautiously presented. Some good spectacular scenes, not enough character. (29/11/61)

The Knife (Cameo-Poly: LAN 1744)—Reviewed this week. The Pavements of Paris (Cameo-Royal: WHI 6915)—French (Le Pave de Paris): 16-year-old girl's vicissitudes. Might have been quite cynically aimed at the people who will queue for any "X" film, but has good moments. La Regle du Jeu (Academy: GER 2981, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley: MUS 8150)—Misleading

Jean Kenoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley: MUS 8150)—Misleading title for the French La Proie pour l'Ombre. Career-woman (Annie Girardot) wants independence, ditches lover (Christian Marquand) as well as husband (Daniel Gelin) to get it. Good detail, contrived framework.

South Pacific (Dominion: MUS 2176)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

The Sundowners (Studio one: GER 3300)—Robert Mitchum as a footloose Australian sheep-herder, Deborah Kerr as his wife who wants to settle down. Splendid colour visuals. Till Dec. 14. (25/1/61)

A Taste of Honey (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)

This is Cinerama (London Casino: GER 6877)—the first

This is Cinerama (London Casino: GER 6877)—the first

This is Cinerama (London Casino, GER 607)—the his Cinerama show, back for a time.

La Verite (Curzon: GRO 3737; dubbed version, Columbia: REG 5414)—Reviewed this week.

The Virgin Spring (Compton: GER 1522)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic.

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIX



## How'Terylene'sails saved a home...



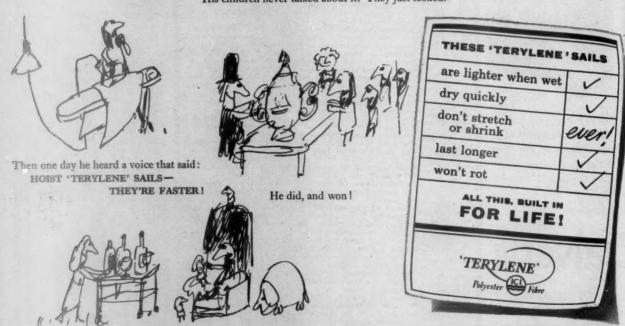
His wife never talked about it. She just looked.



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And his dog Podge went off his liver.

His children never talked about it. They just looked.



His wife and children grew very affectionate . . . and Podge, exceedingly fat.



'TERYLENE' MAKES MASSES OF OTHER THINGS FOR INDUSTRY

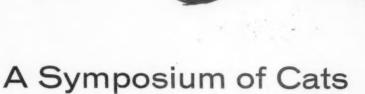
TERYLENE' IS THE TRADEMARK FOR THE POLYESTER FIBRE MADE BY IMPERIAL CREMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED. LONDON

Punch, December 13 1961

liver.

LONDON

GUINNESS PETS PAGE Nº 6



The ordin'ry Puss
So essential to us,
(What a beautiful Pussy you are!)
Has a story so old
That it goes back, we're told,
To the cat-headed offspring of Ra.

Alexander Dumas
Was attached to his *chat*,
Which rejoiced in the name of *Mysouff*.
While Charles Baudelaire
Kept cats everywhere.
But Kipling's was rather aloof.

Johnson's fine cat
Was particular that
It always had oysters for tea.
An excellent dodge
For, according to Hodge,
'They're just what the Doc orders me.'

Edward Lear made a beeline

For anything feline,

For seventeen years he had Foss.

While Coventry Patmore

Had always a cat more,

Like Hardy and Swinburne and Gosse.

Bysshe Shelley admits
That the purring of kits
Is a sound that gives infinite pleasure.
It's a heavenly choir
As you sit by the fire,
Enjoying your Guinness at leisure.

**GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU** 

made according to a recipe that s a close yeguarded secret \_ the secret you can taste

## Drambuie

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xix

1961

ONDON

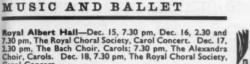
Punch, December 13 1961 CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

SHOPS

from the entire store.

GALLERIES

### CONTINUED ON PAGE XXII



cravats.
On Dec. 20, 6 pm, Harrods are having a carol concert for all-comers. This store operates a Christmas cable and wireless service: advance bookings.

Royal Albert Hall—Dec. 15, 7.30 pm, Dec. 16, 2.30 and 7.30 pm, The Royal Choral Society, Carol Concert. Dec. 17, 2.30 pm, The Bach Choir, Carols; 7.30 pm, The Alexandra Choir, Carols. Dec. 18, 7.30 pm, The Royal Choral Society, Carol Concert.
Royal Festival Hall—Dec. 13, 8 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Dec. 14, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloists Hans Dercksen (piano), Alfonz Bartha (tenor). Dec. 15, 7.30 pm, Metropolitan Police Band and Combined Choirs, soloist Alan Loveday (violin). Dec. 16, 3 pm, Tulse Hill School Music Society; 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra (Strauss). Dec. 17, 3 and 7.30 pm, Goldsmiths' Choral Union, Carols. Dec. 18, 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir (Messiah). Dec. 19, 8 pm, Hallé Orchestra, soloists Jean Evans (mezzo-soprano), lan Lake (piano).

Hallo Orchestra, 30101803 Jean Evans (mezzo-soprano), nan Lake (piano).
Wigmore Hall—Dec. 13, 7.30 pm, Richard Burnett (piano). Dec. 14, 7.30 pm, William Lewis (tenor), Earl Wild (piano). Dec. 15, 7.30 pm, Arriaga String Quartet. Dec. 16, 3 pm, Oriana Madrigal Society; 7.30 pm, Charles Joseph (violin). Dec. 17, 3 pm, Yaltah Menuhin and Joel Ryce (piano). Dec. 18, 7.30 pm, Margot Blum (soprano), Ernest Lush (piano). Dec. 19, 7.30 pm, Royal College of Music. dialect songs.

Ernest Lush (piano). Dec. 19, 7.30 pm, Royal College of Music, dialect songs.
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—Dec. 13 and 15, 7.30 pm, Les Sylphides, Persephone, Jabez and the Devil (ballet). Dec. 14 and 19, 7.30 pm, The Queen of Spades (Tchaikovsky). Dec. 16, 2.15 pm, La Fille Mal Gardee (ballet); 7.30 pm, A Midsummer Night's Dream (Britten). Dec. 18, 7.30 pm, The Sleeping Beauty (ballet).
Sadler's Wells Theatre—Dec. 13, 7.30 pm, Die Fledermaus (Strauss). Dec. 14 and 16, 7.30 pm, The Marriage of Figaro (Mozart). Dec. 15, 7.30 pm, Rigoletto (Verdi). Dec. 19, 7.30 pm, Il Trovatore (Verdi).
Savoy Theatre—D'Oyl Carte Opera Company. Dec. 13, 7.30 pm, Trial By Jury and H.M.S. Pinafore. Dec. 14-16, 7.30 pm, Cox and Box and The Pirates of Penzance. Dec. 18-19, 7.30 pm, Patience. Matinees, Dec. 13, 16, 2.30 pm.

Agnew—Victorian paintings, until Dec. 16. Alfred Brod—Christmas drawings. Arthur Jeffress—Sphinxes by Martin Battersby. Arts Council—Larionov and Goncharov, until Dec. 16. Brook Street—Designs for Russian Ballet. Gallery One—Repast of paintings. Gimpel Fils—Contemporary Eskimo Art. Grosvenor—Kaplan lithographs. Hanover—Serge Rezvani. Kaplan—Impressionist and modern paintings and sculpture. Lefevre—L. S. Lowry. Marlborough—French landscapes. McRoberts and Tunnard—John Tunnard. Molton—Walter Nessler metal reliefs. New London—Lynne Chadwick. Reid—Watercolours and pastels, 19th-20th c. Royal Academy—Sir Thomas Lawrence. Tate—Epstein Memorial. Tooth—Recent acquisitions 16th c. Waddington—Leon Zack. Walker's—Charles Vyse pottery, until Dec. 16. White-chapel—Derek Hill. Wildenstein—British contemporary artists. Zwemmer—Mixed Christmas paintings.











'Surely he's heard of Moss Bros'

Ariton

# We are all Self-Made Men

When it is said of someone that he is a 'self-made man', it means he has risen from humble beginnings. But the truth is we are all self-made, with great or disastrous results.

Many people who have won eminence for themselves in the process have found daily in The Times a first-rate partner. For while it is excellent that anyone should make himself good at his job, The Times broadens his horizon. Through its regular reading, he makes himself, in the truest sense, a 'man of the world.'\*

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\* THE TIMES misses nothing that ought not to be missed. Yet it never assumes you have time to waste. Foreign news, politics, legal and city affairs, arts, sport are all presented with balance and authority.

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## PUNCH

Vol. CCXL1 No. 6327 December 13 1961

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### Subscriptions

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\*For overseas rates see page 886.



## Charivaria

IT was decent of the Central Electricity Generating Board not to publish the name of the chap who pulled the wrong switch last week, saying "we are not going to have a scapegoat." But in case one of the papers should start one of those campaigns about the public having a right to know, may I offer them a suggestion? Presumably this chap was a member of the ETU. Well, Mr. Haxell has now been officially chosen as the scapegoat for the shortcomings of that Union. Couldn't they say he did it?

### The Snatch that is Different

THE wrestling match at Chatham that had to be cancelled because the ring had been stolen reminds me how easy it is to fall into the error of



thinking that theft has become stereotyped. Dullards concentrate lethargically on payrolls or cars, but there are still openings in British crime for getup-and-go types.

### Fun and Gains

ECONOMIC pirates are chuckling at the news that the Bluebell Line in Sussex, scrapped by British Railways as a dead loss, has made over £2,000 profit in its first year's working under private enterprise. Amateur coal fanciers—young-in-heart old codgers who collected pictures of winding gear and pithead baths when boys—may well be coveting a lease of some of those condemned levels in Scotland; they could

call them the Rob Roy mines to hit the headlines. Groundnut freelances might bite off a bit more than they could chew, but if the movement spread eventually



a new economic law, greater than Gresham's, might emerge: everything which people do for fun can be made to make money.

### For the Record

MY procedure with carol-singers this year is to invite them into the hall and insist on their singing their carols into a tape-recorder. This ensures that they actually make some coherent sounds, instead of stopping in the middle of verse one, never to go again, when they see the door open. Also, when I have played their performance back to them, I like to believe that it sends them running home full of a new-found determination not to go carol-singing any more.

### Did Someone Blow a Trumpet?

THE West is dealing with the Berlin Wall not only by keeping troops at the ready and trying to send a barrage of propaganda over it but also by criticising the workmanship, which the West Berlin police called "slovenly" when a twenty-foot section of it fell down. I wonder whether comparable criticisms were made of Hadrian's Wall or the Great Wall of China? And how would Ulbricht react to an offer of Technical Aid?



"Hold everything, Chairman, the sorters and checkers have just slapped in a new pay claim."

Eggs to Eggheads

AMBIA seems to have one very necessary quality in a new State—flexibility. When all the fowls on a state poultry farm died they converted the hen houses into a teachers' training college. If this had happened in England not even Sir Ronald Gould could have held back the NUT.



"Now take our outside right . . . or do you just want general reasons why five and a half million fans are staying away from soccer?"

### Pay Pause

THE latest airline advertising leaflet to arrive on my desk assures me in large letters "You need a second holiday." This might have more allure if I weren't still using their Pay Later Plan to pay off my first.

### Well Organised

RECENT article in Punch suggested that lovers of cinema organs should get together and preserve an old Wurlitzer or two for posterity. I learn that a resourceful body called the Cinema Organ Society has bought the world's biggest Wurlitzer from the Trocadero, Elephant and Castle, and that a member of another resourceful body, the Theatre Organ Club, has picked up (if that is the word) the almost-as-big Wurlitzer from the Leicester Square Empire, hoping to find a home for it. Several other distinguished organs are being preserved or rebuilt. Both groups lay on recitals, usually on Sundays, in cinemas (the Club's list of "organs visited" reaches nearly 200 and electronic organs are by no means scorned). I am assured that many of the organists who strayed from church to cinema before the war are now back in the church loft -and quite happy.

### The New Architecture

"VANDALPROOF" sports pavi-A lion to be built at Ayr will have no side windows, all the light entering via the roof, and no external drain pipes for climbing or wrecking. I gather there are to be windows (of bullet-proof glass?) at the front, and that the architect, as yet, does not contemplate installing a moat and drawbridge. Instead of reverting to the medieval way of life, would it not be more progressive, in these hard-pressed days, to sink the whole structure into the ground, where it would also serve as a shelter against nuclear attack? Those who wished to watch the game could do so, secure from half-bricks and fall-out, by periscope.

### Corrective Training

AT the recent Doctors' Hobbies Exhibition doctors were told "to prescribe hobbies and not pills." The point is, are chemists prepared to enlarge their stock to cope with this new

style of prescription, or will shops provide the necessary hobbies at the usual National Health rates?

### Old Familiar Faces

THE object of press photographs of people in the news is, surely, to show people what they look like. I don't know why people want to know this; what a man says or does hasn't much relevance to the purely fortuitous arrangement of his facial features; but apparently they do. But could we have at least a temporary moratorium on photographs of those whose appearance we are all too familiar with already? If Mr. Macmillan speaks at Eastbourne, Mr. Maudling in Nairobi, Mr. Butler in the House or Mr. Tshombe in Paris, we need no reminder of their Who knows, if we weren't faces. shown them for a month, they might become mercifully dim, like the face of a lost loved one. Well, not quite in the same way, perhaps, but still . . .

### Keeping up with the Lawrences

ONE of the exhibits at last week's slot-machine trade show in Black-pool was a type of installation known immemorially as "What the Butler Saw," but now officially catalogued as "The Gamekeeper's Secret." No doubt a glossary of four-letter words is supplied for customers angrily banging it to make the penny drop.

### The World Laughs with You

RECENTLY introduced touches of fun in the headlines of *The Times* are of course to be commended, but I'm not sure that our distinguished competitor wasn't overdoing it a bit by giving its first leader on the Common Market leak the title "Open Heath." Once it catches on, name-play of this sort could get badly out of hand. Stand by for leaders headed "Shifting Sandys," "Home on the Range," "Macleod Cuckooland," and — inevitably, as London's traffic approaches its Christmas crisis—"Let's Play Marples."

### Order, Please!

"THE villagers were ecstatic, having never seen a Rolls before, seldom seen a white woman and never a white Queen."—Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent in Gambia.

- MR. PUNCH

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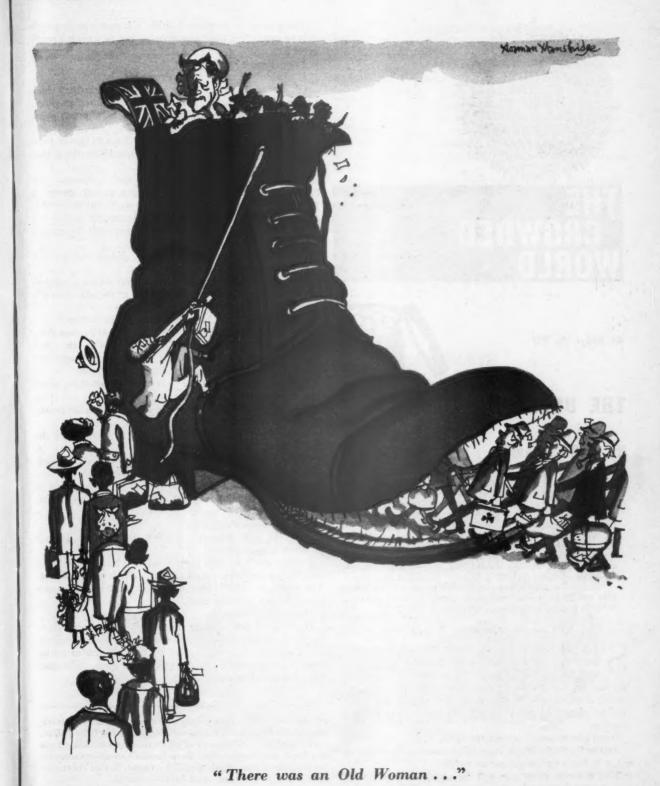
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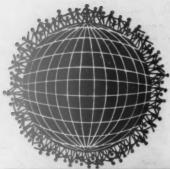
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## THE CROWDED WORLD

All About the Pill



### THE USES OF BIOLOGY

By MARY ADAMS

". . . the best contraceptive is a glass of cold water not before or after, but instead."—Pakistan delegate, IPPF, 1959. "Drug companies are quietly moving birth-control pills on

to the commercial market."—Wall Street Journal, Jan., 1961.
"The Council consider that CONOVID and, as they are approved, other similar progestogen-oestrogen oral contraceptives may be offered as alternative methods of contraception in FPA clinics provided that..."—Family Planning

Association, October 1961.

"... to ask the Minister of Health whether birth control pills can be prescribed under the National Health Service."

—Parliamentary Questions, December 4, 1961.

### Conversation After School

EEN the news, Mother? About the Pill I mean. I knew they'd get a hormone pretty soon. It's just the stuff for my GCE biology. They say you swallow it like aspirin, every evening after you brush your teeth, for twenty days on end—twenty out of twenty-eight you know. And you simply go on and on until you want a baby and then you stop.

It can't be as simple as that, my child.

And in the Daily Mirror it says that women are queuing up to get it, but it makes you put on weight.

That'll mean every one will be eating those slimming biscuits and the farmers who grow potatoes will be ruined.

Don't go off at tangents, Mother. It makes some people thin as well. And some people sick. But they say it's pretty reliable.

I only hope it's safe.

It wouldn't be sold if it was dangerous.

Oh, lots of dangerous things are on the market, my child. Cigarettes, for example. And inflammable children's nighties. Anyway it says you can only have it as a prescription, under supervision.

Well, if it isn't safe they'll find out it's not in twenty years time, and by then they'll have discovered something else,

unless we're all living on the moon.

Mother, you shouldn't even repeat such nonsense. Our physics mistress says you wouldn't have enough power to get 5,000,000 people to the moon every week, and that's what it would mean with the population increasing at the rate Julian Huxley says it is. And there wouldn't be enough moon.

Well you're always telling me that science has got the answer to everything.

You can stay on the earth, Mother, and eat the enormous animals Bronowski says we could grow in the sea when it's been desalted.

And what does your biology mistress say to that one?

She says she hasn't time to look at Bronowski because she's always taking school meals or correcting homework. And she can't afford a television set anyway . . . She's got two children already, so I expect she'll go in for the pill.

What'll it cost her? Does your paper say anything about

the price?

Only that in India having a child costs less than having the pill to prevent it.

What about the next generation? . . . I don't like the sound of it.

Oh well, they haven't got as far as that yet, Mother. They're only trying it out on human volunteers now and keeping a check on them. It says they've got trials in London and Birmingham and all sorts of places—Japan, Germany, America.

And in Russia, I dare say.

Don't be silly, Mother. Russia's got Siberia. There's plenty of space there.

Perhaps you'd let your mother say that birth-control isn't only for populations—it's for people. That's quite different. You ought to read *Mother England*, a book Marie Stopes wrote—before you were born.

Who's Marie Stopes?

Haven't you got a history mistress at your school? Marie Stopes is history. She practically invented birth-control. She started off by being a fossil botanist and ended up by being a revolutionary. She stopped at nothing. She once disguised herself as a charwoman...

MARY ADAMS, cyto-geneticist; one d.; neo-feminist; awarded OBE for life in the BBC; finds parking (Miniminor) most recalcitrant of all problems with which she has been associated, and these include mass-communication, education, Basic English, Anglo-Soviet relations, consumer protection, and birth-control.

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... and went to the surgery of a famous woman doctor, pretending to be a poor patient. This doctor had been saying in court that she didn't agree with Marie Stopes's method and never recommended it. The doctor had to eat her words because Marie Stopes brought the evidence away with her.

What fun! That would make a good television programme. She wrote lots of books—you wouldn't appreciate them—but this one, *Mother England*, is simply a collection of the letters she received from women all over England, begging for her help to prevent them from having more children. There was a lot of unemployment in those days and millions of people were living on the dole . . .

What's that, Mother?

... and the women had no way of finding out how to protect themselves from having more babies. I remember I cried when I read the book. With rage. At the cruelty of it.

But you're always raging even now, Mother. And saying women haven't got the same chance as men. I think you're old-fashioned. I'm not done down. When I'm married I'm

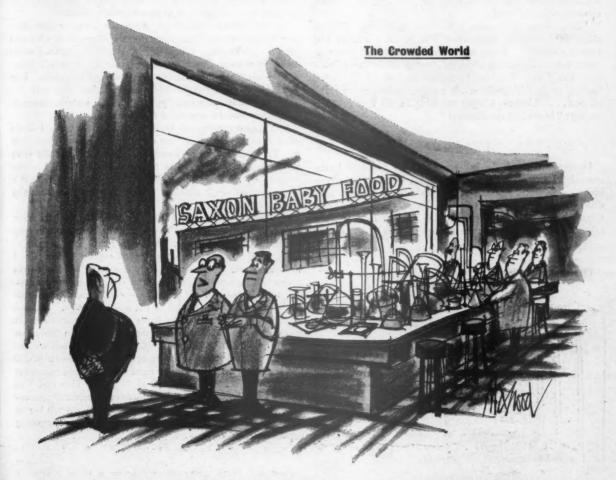
going to do everything jointly and agree how many children I'll have beforehand. Three, I think. Or four. I'll have them all before I'm thirty and then I'll be able to go back and get on with my job. Anyway your Marie Stopes's women must have been feeble to lie down under it. Birthcontrol's quite easy. You read about it everywhere.

It isn't easy, my child. And they weren't feeble. Just ignorant, poor, and frightened. I'm sure Roosevelt must have been thinking of women when he put Freedom from Fear into the Four Freedoms.

Who's Roosevelt, Mother? What four freedoms? Frightened of what?

About having children they couldn't feed, about their health, about what people would say—d'you know Julian Huxley was given a great dressing down by the BBC in 1926 just for using the word birth-control—about their domineering husbands. That was why Marie Stopes thought women ought to have birth-control methods in their own hands and not leave it to the men.

Well, they've got it in their own hands with the Pill, haven't they? I think there ought to be a pill for men too. Only I



"It's terrible news, Mr. Saxon. We've discovered the perfect, mexpensive contraceptive pill."

can't see Father queuing up for anything, can you? But birthcontrol's only chemistry and physiology and I don't see why some of those old love potions couldn't be put in reverse for men.

Men are strange creatures, my child. You're too young... I'm not young, and I know everything. The girls at school... Anyway to go back to the point. Now everyone's better off and there's National Health, everything's all right.

Not a bit of it. The Government doesn't allow National Health doctors to give birth-control advice to anyone. I mean not just for them to plan and space. And certainly not for eugenic reasons. They can only give it if the mother's health would make it dangerous for her to have another child. There's no law against birth-control as there is in some countries but the Government is still afraid . . .

Why on earth? It seems dotty. Birth-control's a good thing—I mean necessary. So where can you get the Pill if you can't get it on National Health?

Unless you're ill you've got to go to the FPA clinics.

What's that?

The Family Planning Association—a voluntary organisation which shoulders the responsibility the Government knows it should undertake itself.

I know what you're going to say next, Mother: it's because there isn't a woman Minister of Health. It's because Dag wasn't a woman. There are plenty of woman doctors, why don't they do something about it? Surely doctors can do what they like. Your Life in Their Hands and all that. It's nothing to do with politics. It's only common sense. It's science... I know—it's just the thing for our next debating society: "Is the Pill the Answer?"

Heavens! When I was her age I'd never heard of birth-control. I wonder what the child really knows? She adores biology, but science is so innocent and full of diagrams that don't look like the real thing. I know she's read Lady Chatterley and we all went to see A Taste of Honey. And television's vaguely frank in spasms but it's difficult to

The Crowded World



remember what they've said on the screen. I wonder what I ought to tell her. Nothing? Everything? It's all very well to talk about mass-communication: it's family communication that's the difficulty. Perhaps I could just give her a dictionary of contraceptives and leave it at that. Norman Himes is pretty explicit. Let me see. I'd have to discuss pre-marital intercourse, promiscuity, abortion, illegitimacy, sterility, AID? And divorce? No, I really can't. I'm too old. They'll have to do it at school.

Of course I could be cowardly and make a bit of history carry the can. Obviously she doesn't know any history. Although I don't think history means a thing until you're middle-aged, then it's too late. It's really rather shocking that she's never heard of Marie Stopes. Pity A. J. P. Taylor doesn't tackle this sort of history instead of endless politics. I'd like to hear him on the Bradlaugh-Besant trial. I wonder how many people know that Annie Besant was considered unfit to have charge of a female child and deprived of her daughter?

It's all very well to blame the doctors, but I'm sure she hasn't heard of Dr. What's-his-name expelled for infamous conduct because he published The Wife's Handbook at so cheap a price. And as for Rex v. Bourne, there couldn't be a better story of rape and its moral consequences.

Or what about Semantics? Scientific. That might be a way round. After all just changing words has made an awful lot of difference. When Birth-Control became Family Planning you could pick up the magazine and read it. Must have helped the advertisers too. And the chemists. Just think of the word barren. How full of blame. But now it's called sub-fertility men can go to the clinic without disgrace. Time they found a new word for cancer.

The funny thing is she never mentioned religion. I don't think it entered her head that theology and morals come into it. Yet she's always prepared to discuss God and she talks about Faith as if she'd like to put a pin through it. She dragged us to hear Billy Graham last year, and now it's Betjeman and Zen-Buddhism. But school scripture seems to leave her cold.

Still, what ought I to tell her? Ought I to advise her? After all, she is my daughter-although as far as her education goes she might as well be a boy. And girls aren't boys in spite of GCE. Oh dear, I'm putting it off again. What do I believe myself? There's really only one thing I'd like to get across to her about birth-control: that it's not what it prevents, but what it permits. It permits love with knowledge-that sounds like Bertrand Russell in the good old days. Because of birth-control married life has a chance of surviving. It roots marriage in the family, not the family in marriage. Anything else? That sex needs no justification (I can see she believes that); that love is not amenable to the calendar (she'll find that out); that the pill is no panacea for married happiness (perhaps the school debate will settle that). Heavens, I'm talking like a book. Thank God for books-especially paperbacks: they put words into your mouth. I'll just tell her to read some books. Nothing like books for anticipating experience.

Poor old Mum. She doesn't know a thing really. I wonder what I ought to tell her? She must do some reading



"Here we go again-conquest-subjection-insurrection-independence . . ."

up. I'll give her a list: Pincus on the Pill, Mears on the Clinics, Kinsey on Coitus, Laver on Erogenous Zones, Leslie Weatherhead on Promiscuity, Simone on The Second Sex, Hanzard on the Bishops. And all those pamphlets from the Catholics. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to give her that New System of Anatomy by Solly Zuckerman for Christmas, then I'll have it in the house for GCE.

She's obviously not clued up on the Pill. I'm sure she doesn't even understand "no egg, no baby." I'd have to start at the beginning and explain the sexual cycle: ovulation, spermatogenesis, fertilisation, implantation... I believe she feels mutilated somehow, by being a female, so I'll have to go carefully on the ovaries. I'll make it clear that Conovid just inhibits ovulation temporarily and only functions by preventing the pituitary from manufacturing gonadrotrophic hormones: it still maintains normál cyclic periodicity in the uterine endometrium. After all they've known about progesterone for a long time, and about the effects of the progestinestrogen hormones on body metabolism. It isn't as if the principle was new.

Of course the pituitary is a long way from the ovaries, and I must say I don't like the idea of interfering with a target organ indirectly, especially when it's through something as important as the pituitary.

But these 19-Nor derivatives really are the boys, and the

trials show that Norethynodrel is safe. I could see she was worried about side effects, but clearly they wear off and Pincus says that the gastro-intestinal disturbances are largely psychogenic—he used a blind placebo to prove it. No signs of adrenocortical deficiency either. But I do think they ought to try interference at some other moment in the cycle...

Still, she must see that this breakthrough to physiological fertility control is jolly exciting. I wouldn't be surprised if it did away with everything else except, I suppose, the glass of cold water. I can't think why it took them so long to get on to it. They must have been thinking of something else, motor-cars or nylons or nuclear bombs, and forgotten all about the population explosion.

Anyway I'm sure they'll improve it before I need it . . . And if I don't get on with my homework I won't pass GCE and if I don't pass GCE I won't get to college, and if I don't go to college I won't get a job, and if I don't get a job I can't afford to get married and if I don't get married I won't have any children to prevent. QED.

### **FURTHER CONTRIBUTORS:**

Claud Cockburn Maurice O'Leary

Marghanita Laski

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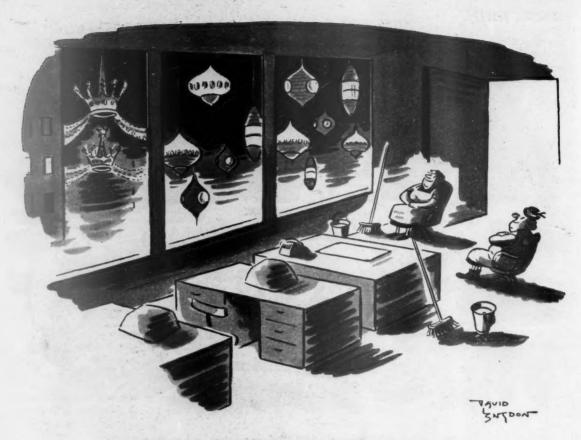
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## How Kind is Your Doctor?

E. S. TURNER sets an examination paper for GPs

HAT easily defeated body, the College of General Practitioners, says it is not possible to devise an examination which will show that one doctor is kinder, more sympathetic, patient, considerate or enthusiastic than another

The College must not complain if the layman regards this as a challenge and draws up his own examination paper for general practitioners. Something like this:

1. The Ministry of Health is complaining that 77 per cent of your male patients, and 95 per cent of your female patients, are in possession of chits excusing them from work. There is an obvious risk that you will be branded as Dr. X. and have £200 stopped. Draft a tactful, considerate reply reminding the Ministry that a doctor's first duty is to humanity, not to the export drive.

2. A worried patient rings up on a

midsummer night and says he would like to order his National Health smog mask now. What would you say to him that would send both of you back to sleep happy?

3. A seventeen-year-old couple, both National Health patients of yours, have had a baby and married, but the council will not give them a house, even though another little one is on the way. The husband is unable to work as his wife cannot prepare his breakfast in time. Draft a warm, compassionate letter to the council calculated to put the couple's name on the top of the housing list.

4. In response to your query "How are our bowels to-day?" the patient replies "Mine are all right, how are yours?" State the nature of your reply, assuming that you are dealing with (a) a National Health patient; (b) a private patient.

5. Meeting Mr. Scrymgeour in the

street you enquire politely about his health and he replies that you sent him to hospital eight weeks ago where his gall bladder was removed. Frankly, this had slipped your memory and Mr. Scrymgeour now seems cold and reserved in his attitude. State how you would set about re-establishing the trust, esteem and affection which are so essential to the doctor-patient relationship.

6. When you open the door of your waiting-room to admit the next patient, do you say:

"Come on, you should be there by now!"

"Any more for free wigs?"
"Who lit the gas fire?"

7. An angry husband bursts into your surgery and says you have put a photograph of his wife's left leg in the *British Medical Journal* without his written permission. He now threatens

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an action for breach of copyright: Go on, talk your way out of that.

8. A police sergeant rings you at three a.m., as you are about to start reading the previous day's pharmaceutical literature, and asks you to carry out a sobriety test on a local tradesman. Do you reply:

"I am always ready to oblige the Force, a fine body of men";

"Damn it, it's old Mac's turn tonight";

"Shorry, ol' man, I've had a li'l too mush myself";

"I'm just dashing off to an outbreak of Black Death."

9. If your name was Livingstone, how would you reply to the thousandth patient who greeted you with "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

10. A husband wants to hold his wife's hand while she has her baby, but the wife whispers to you to send the silly oaf out for a walk. Do you:

try to persuade the wife that they should share the miracle together;

tell the husband that only stage people do that sort of thing;

leave it for the midwife to sort out?

11. A patient thinks you are Richard Gordon (you aren't, are you?) and keeps telling you uproarious jokes. Would you live a lie in order to maintain him in a state of euphoria? Would you send on the jokes to Richard Gordon or keep them for yourself?

12. A widow of thirty-five, interested in flower-arranging and men, tells you that whatever was in that last bottle (in fact, a placebo) has had the effect of stifling her emotional resonance, besides making her right eyelid twitch. Sketch out some sympathetic patter to be delivered while prescribing the same again.

13. You are summoned to a young woman who says she has been exposed to excessive radiation, but it turns out that her legs have become mottled through sitting too close to a bowl-fire in a solicitor's office. They are not bad legs otherwise. Is this a case for a mild remonstrance or a full-scale display of sympathy?

14. Keep a civil tongue in your head and state how you would respond to these approaches:

"I've come to you because all the other quacks have let me down";

"I was pretty stinking last night, you know how it is";
"We was just larking shout and

"We was just larking about and these bits of glass sort of got stuck in his jaw, like." 15. To be attempted by woman applicants only. A wealthy and attractive bachelor keeps calling you out in themiddle of the night and when you get to his flat he says all he wants is kindness, sympathy and a bit of enthusiasm. How much can you offer him without being guilty of infamous conduct?

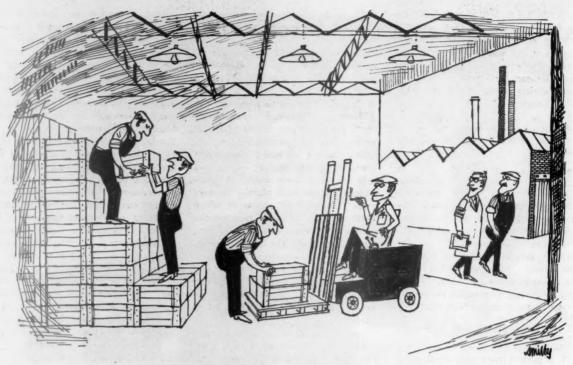
There are, of course, no set answers to any of these questions. All papers would be scrutinised by a panel of psychologists for evasiveness, insincerity, effrontery and mendacity.

In addition, there would be practical tests conducted on the lines of those "playlets" by means of which the Army tries (or tried) to assess the capacities of potential officers. Thus, the doctor taking the test would be

seated in a mock surgery and required to work his genial way through a succession of malingerers, housewives with neuroses, compulsive golfers and so on, while a panel of the College of General Practitioners awarded marks. Among the "patients" might be Mrs. Cork, who is deeply offended because she has been told she has housemaid's knee and is threatening to transfer to another doctor who says she has only prepatellar bursitis. It is up to the doctor to flannel, or rather to persuade, her back to the fold, without casting aspersions on his colleague. If the Army can teach man-management this way, why cannot the College of General Practitioners teach patientmanagement?



"And at midnight, when you're fast asleep, he climbs down the refuse disposal chute—"



"I reckon we've just about got our redundancy problems licked."

## Fares, Gentlemen, Please!

By J. E. HINDER

THE Presidential Address to the Institute of Transport, given in London recently, suggested that car users must be won over to 'buses. "Measures must include," said Mr. James Amos, "such publicity and public relations as will ensure the elimination of suggested loss of status in travelling by bus." A job for the TV boys, obviously.

### (a) Direct appeal to the snobbish element.

SHOT OF WELL-DRESSED CITY GENTLEMAN.
OCCUPIES TOP FRONT SEAT OF DOUBLEDECKER. SENSE OF EUPHORIA, SUN
SHINES, UPHOLSTERY IMMACULATE,
WOODWORK GLEAMING. GENTLEMAN
READS "THE TIMES." HE IS JOINED BY
ANOTHER WELL-DRESSED PASSENGER.

1st Gent.: Morning, Sir George! Still relying on PUBLIC ROAD TRANS-PORT, I see!

SIR G. (lighting cigar): Oh, it's PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT for me every time! Gives me what I ask for in my own business—service, civility, punctuality, low cost!

1st Gent.: Sold the car, I suppose?

SIR G.: Months ago! Best day's work I ever did. After all, Fitzpicton, we're not mechanics, are we?

1st Gent.: Very true, Sir George. I say, isn't that Foreshorten down there?

CUT TO SMALL SALOON WHOSE LUGU-BRIOUS OWNER IS ENDEAVOURING TO SQUEEZE HIS VEHICLE BETWEEN TWO

SIR G.: It is. Driving his own car!

1st Gent.: Not surprising he didn't get
the vacant seat on the Board!

SIR G.: Not a bit! Chap who carries on like that when he could be using PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT isn't the sort of fellow I would want around the Boardroom!

1st Gent.: Quite so. After all, you're somebody nowadays with PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT!

A MAD ECHOING VOICE REPEATS "YOU'RE SOMEBODY WITH PUBLIC ROAD TRANS-PORT" FASTER AND FASTER UNTIL IT REACHES A SCREAM.

## (b) If this fails try the old memento mori gambit.

TIRED EXECUTIVE AT HIS EVENING MEAL.
HE APPEARS NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD.
WIFE: Whatever's wrong with you
these days, Charles? You never
touch a thing!

EXECUTIVE: I don't seem to have any life in me. It's this awful driving to the office and back. It's . . . killing me, Hilda! And they're noticing it at the office, too!

FADE TO THE OFFICE.

MANAGER: It's not good enough, Mr. Fauncely. Three important clients you've offended in one week!

EXECUTIVE: I... can't help it, sir. It's the dreadful strain of driving to the office and back, day in, day out ...! It'll ... finish me!

MANAGER (now benevolent): Why didn't you confide in me? What you want is PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT, night and morning!

EXECUTIVE (hardly daring to hope):
You...think so?

CUT TO HOME. EXECUTIVE IS AT EVENING MEAL, BUT IN EVENING DRESS. WIFE ENTERS ALSO IN FESTIVE ATTIRE.

WIFE: And how's our Assistant Manager this evening?

EXECUTIVE (confidently): Tip-top!
Thanks to PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT!
FADE TO BALD ANNOUNCEMENT "PUBLIC
ROAD TRANSPORT!" A DEEP CONFIDENTIAL VOICE SPEAKS.

VOICE: And remember: seven out of ten hospital-trained doctors recommend PUBLIC ROAD TRANSPORT for full-time energy!

TEENAGE VOICES BEGIN TO CHANT:

Voices: Catcha bus-a ev'ry day! Catcha bus-a ev'ry day! Catcha bus-a ev'ry day! Pub-lic Road Transport! Hooray!

### Whatever became of . . .

. . . the earring craze which hit us in the early 'fifties as a by-product of the telly's ascendancy? It was mothered by the first lady panelists who, realising the disadvantage of being invisible from the ribcage down, compensated for it with richly decorated earlobes. Almost overnight a fashion was born. It started with gypsy hoops looking like brass curtain-rings, then there were pendants, clusters, giant studs, earmodels and chandelier fixtures. Ear-piercers gave interviews to the press, admitting that few women had perfectly symmetrical ears. Goahead manufacturers produced tiny rubber pads to soften the pinch of vicelike ear-clips. Beauty writers urged women to emphasise their personalities with suitable earrings. Fashion models matched theirs to their eye-shadow. The tide has turned. Ears seem to be back.

## Inscrutable to the Last

By H. F. ELLIS

VEN a born Little Englander like myself, arrogant, narrow, intolerant and much given in earlier days to instant laughter or derision at anything non-British, has to admit that it has become increasingly hard to regard foreigners as automatically absurd. I blame TV very largely for this. Of course there are other factors, perhaps more basic: rapid communications, increased travel, international sport, the influx, whether as bus conductors or students, of races once seen only at royal Jubilees and Queen Victoria's funeral, a general westernisation or deforeignisation of aliens. But it is TV that brings it home

I can remember, not without a touch of yearning, the dear dead days when the mere mention of a name like Ulubulu was good for a laugh. If *The Times* in its urbane way preceded it with a "Mr." the irony appeared to be delicious; no style or title could erase the positive conviction that the owner of such a name, with or without the red umbrella that must certainly be the symbol of his rank, was inherently ludicrous. Nor was it by any means necessary to go so far afield as Ulubululand for amusement. The French in my

day had ceased to be primarily frogeaters, but one had only to travel through their country and listen to the shouting and the ringing of bells that attended the shunting of a train at Dijon in the early hours, to marvel that so unstable a people could run a railway at all. I recall my astonishment at learning, in the mid-twenties, that the Hungarians played table tennis, and played it rather well. A certain Z. Mechlovits won our Men's Singles at that time and a Miss Mednyanszky had the impertinence, in the Ladies' Singles, to beat as fine an old Anglo-Saxon name as Gubbins. (How typically foreign that predilection for so weird a letter as Z! Remember King Zog, who came from somewhere down that way?) There were also Malaysians, if I remember rightly, who excelled at badminton, and of course some pretty odd names with a Mohammedan or Egyptian ring cropped up in small paragraphs about squash rackets. But by and large foreigners had enough sense of proportion to confine themselves to what may be called without disrespect the fringe games. One heard nothing in those days about the neat footwork of the Uruguayans; Uruguay was an incredibly improbable place



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"The long journey must have tired him out, children."

only visited by drunken captains of tramp steamers and intrepid explorers like Mr. Peter Fleming.

When the Finns started winning middle and long-distance races one could put it down to the fact that running was probably their only means of getting about.

All this, or nearly all, has gone. The Ulubulus of to-day turn up nightly on my screen, at ease, impeccably suited, full of wise saws and modern instances. If they have left an umbrella in the studio cloakroom, one can be sure it is black, neatly rolled and without religious significance. "The economic viability

of my country," they tell me, "is a prerequisite for the establishment of a truly independent democracy on western lines, with modifications to suit local conditions; and that in turn calls for the integration within the social complex of all those, irrespective of race, creed or colour, possessed of what my colleague Mr. Bubu has called an 'adaptability quotient' sufficiently advanced . . . " As the gentle flow of words rolls over me I find it impossible to sustain a position of splendid insularity. Even Sir Henry Curtis, addressed in such terms in his own language, might have paused an instant from sharpening his axe. The absurdity of this most foreign of foreigners is not apparent. Indeed it is his interviewer, of my own race and blood, who is the more likely to excite derision with his solemnly nervous mien, his probing questions (so skilfully answered or parried), his immense air of detachment from the blundering misdeeds of his own countrymen. One cannot help wondering what sort of a fist he would make of it if he had to say "economic viability" in Tamil or Urdu. Long before he has reached the time-honoured pay-off "Mr. Ulubulu, thank you very much," there is no doubt which of the two is the laughter-

Soon afterwards a pretty Japanese girl, introduced by some ass with the outlandish name of Gubbins, appears on the screen to talk about her ride round the world on a scooter. Observe that I am now so familiar with the Japanese that I can pick out a pretty one. Twenty or thirty years ago she would simply have looked extraordinarily Japanese.

All this is really no more than a preamble to explain why it is that the Chinese exert upon me so strong a fascination. Alone among the nations of the world they have kept their distance, remained implacably remote and foreign. They do not constantly assault me in my own sitting room with talk of "industrial reorganisation" and "social motivation"; if they are seen there at all it is through the horrified eyes of Mr. Dimbleby, behaving bizarrely in great numbers. They do not, like the Koreans, destroy my image of them by entering golf competitions. Their leaders remain utterly inscrutable, so many Fu-Manchus without benefit of an Oxford degree. They have a horror of flies, which at one time

In next Wednesday's Punch

PARTY PIECES
Two pages of drawings

by GRAHAM

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A Christmas Quiz

1961

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This satisfactory foreignness of the Chinese, upon which I now draw when momentarily doubtful of the exclusiveness of being British, was well brought home to me when I read the other day a report that Pekin was buying half a dozen Vickers Viscount turbo-prop airliners. The main body of officials and technicians, my newspaper said, was now on the way home, "but a delegation from the Rolls-Royce aero engines division is still in Pekin, and is believed to be completing the negotiation of the

sale of spare parts." Lolls-Loyce in Pekin! If it had been any other part of the world I should not have batted an eyelid. My insularity is now so far broken down that I can readily picture a turbo-prop deal in Rangoon or among the Dyaks. But a party of executives from Derby negotiating about spare parts in Pekin still approaches the unimaginable. a row of yellow-robed mandarins gravely fingering a curiously shaped piece of piping, perhaps designed to bypass heated gases to the rear of the compression chamber, if that is what happens. I see the head of the British delegation explaining, with ample gestures, that they will need a couple of dozen of those, to be on the safe side, at around £1,500 a pair. But I cannot get any kind of picture of the actual negotiation. How does one negotiate with anyone as inscrutable as my idea of a Chinese turbo-prop spare part negotiator obstinately continues to be? How do you get abreast of his mental processes, when you remember that, whatever spoken language he ultimately uses, he is thinking in Chinese, and that the word he thinks of for that piece of piping almost certainly begins with a letter shaped like an unfinished game of noughts-and-crosses with a roof on top? I suppose it all works out in the end, as long as you remember to sign the completed contract at the top of the first page instead of at the bottom of the last. One ought to be able to realise that the Chinese, even when negotiating, are probably as normal, as pin-striped, as British as any Turk or Pakistani.

But I can't, and I don't want to.

# None but the Brave

President Kennedy has created a new medal to be awarded for gallantry in the Cold War.

HOWEVER bravely earned they may be, there's A comic element in gongs when worn: The chaps with lots look like commissionaires; The single ones seem tiny and forlorn. And now another twist-a medal for Gallantry in a war that's not a war.

Yet, at some future feast, a general Will sit beside a fluffy little bit. She'll ask "What's that one for?" And he'll recall The splendid times of youth, and finger it And, smiling through his white moustache, declare "That was when war was really war, my dear."

PETER DICKINSON

# **THEN**

It is no use complaining that waits are not as good as they used Like another Victorian institution, they never were.



"Good King What's-'is-name looked out, doing the Lambeth Walk. Oi!" December 21 1938.

# THE SEEDING TWENTIES by Gwyn Thomas



#### 2 SCALPING PARTY

To twenty years he did good work in horror films, underlining the darker phases of fright with his thin, sensitive, cautious face. At the moment when the newly assembled monster or revived mummy appears, out from some corner comes Eifion, his skin paler than lilies with panic and his eyes inches ahead of his nose. Consternation shading into terror, that was his speciality. And now, with the taste in fun becoming more sombre, Eifion has emerged as a sort of comedian. You may have seen his last film. In it Eifion is a scientist on the mad side and a choral conductor. He fosters a breed of musical mutant with two heads which will double the volume of the singing while cutting down on transport costs.

I know something of how his gift began to flower. It was in the summer of 1927. In Meadow Prospect, currency had practically ceased to run, and our sense of social exile was so acute that we were surprised to learn, through such oracles as the papers and the wireless, that there were still organs of government in London looking grave and going through the movements.

So we lost no chance of saving a few coppers. When a young neighbour of ours, Colenso Barnes, got himself a second-hand hair clipper with a view to training himself for professional status, we went instantly to him for a free clip. He operated his practice in the lane behind his house. He sat his clients down on a thick, squarish armchair, which upset all those who had seen films with a Sing Sing background.

Colenso was no stylist. He offered one type of crop only. It was called "the kronje" after some otherwise forgotten Boer leader, who had worn his hair forbiddingly close to the skull. Colenso would start at the brow and keep mowing until he met cloth at the back. In rush periods he would

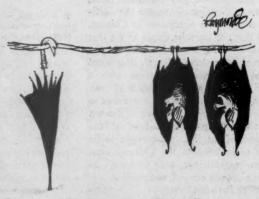
often remove the whole eyebrow from the lower type of forehead. Colenso's "kronje-cut" became a mark of boldness and virility and in our part of Meadow Prospect we padded about like renegade monks, keeping our heads low as if wishing to flaunt our defiant bareness.

The one customer Colenso would have liked to get into his chair was Eifion Pawley. Eifion had deep, wavy, silken hair that was the pride of his parents. They were poor but fancied a bit of elegance, and Eifion's mop was about the only bit of panache left to them. They had made it clear to Eifion that if he ever allowed himself to get within business reach of Colenso's clipper they would shoot Colenso and disinherit Eifion. Eifion took to darting away in panic every time he saw Colenso with the clipper in his hand and Colenso, in turn, got into a way of staring at Eifion's sheeny crown with a kind of sad lust.

The barer we became the more devoted were Eifion's parents to preserving the integrity of their son's hair. They would not even allow him to be gently trimmed by the town's one surviving professional barber. His blue-black waves started bushing out at back and sides like a monstrous wig. Sewell the Sotto offered him the lead in a juvenile cantata he had written about Samson and Delilah, but Eifion's parents pulled him out of the cast as soon as they had seen the end of the script. When Eifion walked among us he looked like the last unscathed palm tree on a fire-gutted atoll.

One afternoon I sat on the hillside near Colenso. He was fingering his clipper and staring at Eifion, who had started up the slope towards us and had turned tail back to the valley bed at the sight of Colenso. "He doesn't know it," said Colenso, "but that head of his is ripening towards me like a fruit ripens towards the sun."

At about this time Eifion and Colenso fell in love. Between the two girls concerned there was an odd link. Both their fathers were among the darker tassels on the depressed fringe of Meadow Prospect's religious life. Their names



"You go and ask him . . ."

1961

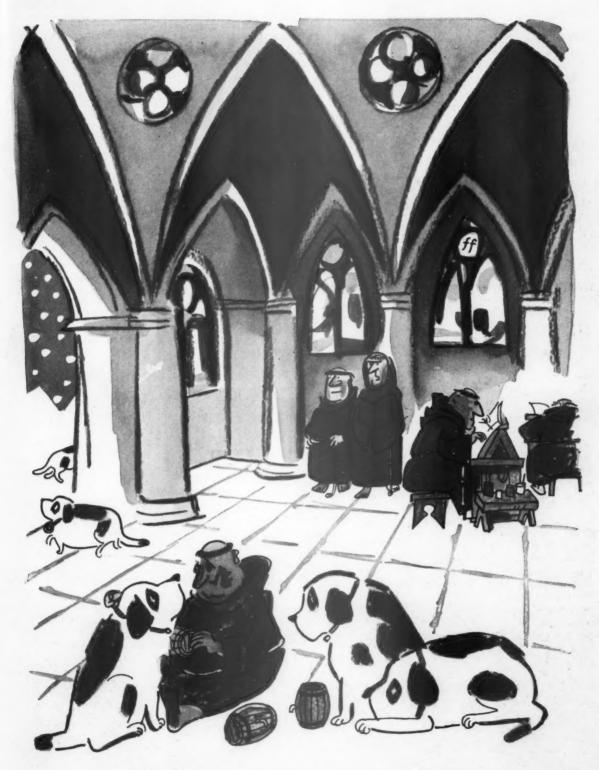
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"I think we shall have to put Brother Nicholas back on book illustration."





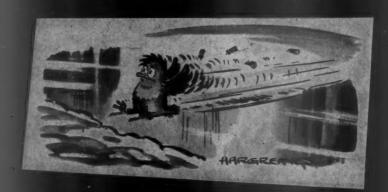












were Selwyn Sutro and Meurig Minns, and they were the saddest-faced men ever seen off the stage. They often marched up and down the High Street with sandwich boards bearing minatory slogans, of which the lightest and merriest was: "When sin freezes the hub, the wheel will stop."

Colenso was in love with Muriel, the daughter of Minns. Both Minns and Sutro regarded Colenso as a pest, a man whose fleshliness and flippancy should have brought a daily bolt upon his head. His activities as a barber, his curriculum of shearing, which had the place looking like a prison yard, they regarded as natural and acceptable, something which would have a special part to play in helping the world on to its imminent burning. Minns had told Muriel that if he were to catch her with Colenso he would give a pre-arranged signal to his friend, Sutro, and they would fix Colenso between their rushing sandwich boards hard and flat. He had invited her to watch them practise this routine with the boards and she had warned Colenso to lie low.

Sutro was much less violent towards Eifion, who was too young to be considered as a serious sexual menace. There was also a hint of the desperately penitential about Eifion's uncut hair that made an appeal to Sutro, who believed that with doom about an hour off and winding itself up to strike, haircuts were an impertinence. All the same Eifion had come hurtling down the lane behind Sutro's home more than once with Sutro close behind him, travelling fast and threatening to fell him if he caught him hanging around his daughter again.

The situation brought Eifion and Colenso much closer. They were sitting one evening on the small stone bridge over the brook at the top of Meadow Prospect, and talking about the curious jest that made it possible on one earth for genuine affection to exist alongside such loveless and dangerous loons as Sutro and Minns.

Then Eifion's face started to darken. "I'm not getting anywhere with Sheila," he said. "I think she's cooling towards me. Sutro's reading out tracts to Sheila or putting something in her porridge. She's cooling."

"It's your hair," said Colenso. "With that great dome of hair you're carrying about there's an effeminate look about you. More than effeminate. Since that traveller came around buying hair at so much the hank, there's not a woman in Meadow who could come within an ounce of the amount you are wearing. Allow me to shorten you by about three inches all round and you could approach Sheila with a much bolder air. What's more, since Sheila's had that short bob, she told me herself, she feels lost when you cuddle. When she brings her face close to yours she feels as if she's vanishing into a thicket. And that's no good for love or anything else. So just come down to my chair and let me have a go."

It took Colenso a week to break down Eifion's resistance. And one Sunday afternoon, when Eifion's parents were off on a whole day's evangelical jaunt up the valley, Eifion took his place shyly and with several articulate reservations in Colenso's chair.

It was just after tea-time and the Sunday evening's quiet had a jagged edge. We were uneasy as we grouped ourselves around Eifion, and there was a note of doom in Colenso's gesture as he unfurled a clean cloth to drape around Eifion's shoulders. The sunlight was grey and

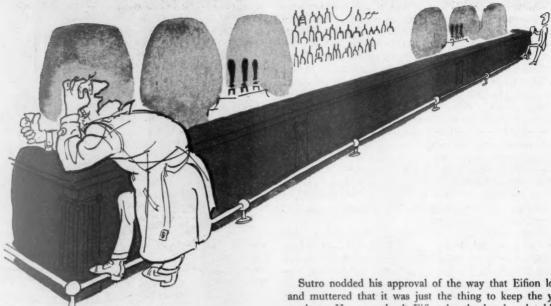


autumn went trembling up and down the lane. We knew why we were disquieted. The night before Colenso had been brooding about Muriel Minns, had drunk two gills of cider at "The Celt Betrayed," and then gone to stand outside the back door of Meurig Minns, roaring with passion and demanding an end to puritans and perverts. Minns had come to a window and thrown things at Colenso, but his aim had been bad and Colenso nimble. Under cover of the confusion Muriel had crept out to be with Colenso. Minns had discovered them and throughout the whole morning of the Sabbath morrow, Meadow had been full of long statements by Sutro and Minns that they would act on behalf of God against Colenso before the sun was down.

Colenso was pale as he limbered up his clipper finger. His eyes kept moving to the top and the bottom of the lane. We were sorry about this. We would have been glad if he could have concentrated all his vision and care on Eifion, who was getting jumpier by the minute. Just one word of encouragement and he would have been out from under Colenso's cloth and headed for home. "Now don't forget what you said, Col, a nice quiet, moderate trim. Just enough to make me look virile. Just the merest touch of the clipper for goodness sake. None of the shearing that gives such a squat, squalid look to the rest of these boys."

"Don't worry, Eif," we all said. "Colenso's touch will be like a feather. You won't feel the metal. Just enough off back and sides to bring your face into view. You're too much in the shadow now. A girl like Sheila wants to gaze, not peer."

Then there was a buzz of sound from the bottom of the lane. Minns and Sutro came into view followed by a small cloud of voters wishing to pass the time before evening chapel or discouraged from going up the hillside by the threat of rain. There were also a few, standing close to Sutro and



"For heaven's sake, stop that tapping!"

Minns, hostile to Colenso and his slashing, aquiline style, who were egging the two prophets on to unreasonable acts.

Sutro and Minns were wearing the long, heavy type of sandwich board they favoured for statements of the blacker sort, and their progress up the lane was slow and deliberate. Of the two, Minns was a little faster and we watched the print on his board grow clearer. It was a mixture of eye-test and siege.

"Stand your ground, Colenso," we said. "Just carry on with your trimming of Eifion and stare them down."

Colenso got to work with the clipper. He started its journey, not resting lightly on the surface of the hair as he had promised, but hard and sternly on the skin of Eifion's neck. Eifion was too absorbed to notice, and leaned nervously forward in the chair as if wishing to hasten the climax of the encounter. Colenso did not once look down at Eifion's head. The clipper mounted to Eifion's crown and followed straight on down to the brow, leaving a broad, staring furrow. I tried to pull Colenso's sleeve and remind him of his vow to use only a light touch with Eifion. When I drew his attention to what he had done he grunted an apology and started his clipper again. He traversed exactly the same route. When I told him that he might as well spread the ruin now that he had made such a good start, he gave me a look so blank I could see that all his thoughts were on Muriel and Minns.

Sutro and Minns came to stand on either side of the chair. They were beating their boards to a rhythm similar to that which usually acts as a prelude to butchery in jungle films. Sutro looked hard at Eifion's head, now looking like that of a badger with the bald furrow white and plain as a Spanish road through the high hedges of blue-black hair.

Sutro nodded his approval of the way that Eifion looked and muttered that it was just the thing to keep the young modest. He even shook Eifion by the hand and told him he could call around and see his daughter any time he felt the impulse. Colenso was now beginning to smile, thinking that Minns and Sutro had entered into some new urbane phase, and that the danger to him had passed. He made a few gay gestures with his clipper and pointing at Eifion's head said: "Now I'll shear this boy's bush into a better proportion." And he pursed his lips to suggest that he was going to put a subtlety into this job of which we grossly shorn elements would never have thought him capable.

He was an inch away from Eifion's head when Sutro and Minns charged. If Colenso at that moment had not stepped back to get Eifion's hair into better perspective and his thoughts about it into a more artistic froth, he would have finished up as part of the punctuation in the slogans of Minns and Sutro. The sandwich boards and the heads of their wearers met with a bang that left Sutro and Minns a little concussed. They swayed about in a brief coma and seemed glad to be there. It took them several seconds to set off at a jog in pursuit of Colenso, who was already at the top of the lane.

By now Eifion realised what Colenso had done to his hair. He was running his finger up and down the furrow as if it were an old wound. We tried to comfort him.

"It's dramatic, Eifion. It's like looking up Cheddar Gorge or something."

"It's fine, boy. You remember Magwa, that chief we saw in that film about the Mohicans. You are him, boy. Spitting image."

Eifion got up from his chair. "I've got to go home for my cap," he said in the voice that was later to become famous in the cinema when Eifion was asking the monster not to choke him there and then. "And if my father doesn't get nosey about it I'll keep it on for the next six months."

We followed Eifion home. He was making an extreme effort to cover the whole furrow with his arms. He looked deformed.

Near his home we were met by one of his neighbours, a man of a roguish and free-thinking type. He was chuckling to himself. Even after he had seen Eifion's hair-cut he kept on chuckling. And after our experiences with Sutro and Minns we felt that neither side in the conflict of faith and detachment inspired us with much confidence.

"I've just seen your father," he told Eifion.

"He's up the valley," said Eifion, "worshipping."

"No, he's not. The preacher this morning was a scorcher. He had your father sitting so hard against the chapel seat he could feel the varnish burning his leg. He was taken dizzy and he got up and said he was on the verge of some vision that would clear up practically every doubt now kennelled and snarling in our midst. He was taken out and given three glasses of hot mint-extract, your mother thinking that all this talk indicated some crucial bout of wind. He landed home an hour ago. He's in the kitchen looking as if he's been hit by a meteor."

We went up the gully that flanked Eifion's house. The dark had come and the kitchen curtains had been drawn. Through a chink we saw Eifion's father staring at the fire, looking just as he had been described. He had his hand raised as if ready to block the oncoming of some too brilliant light. Eifion took one look and said he'd rather flee there

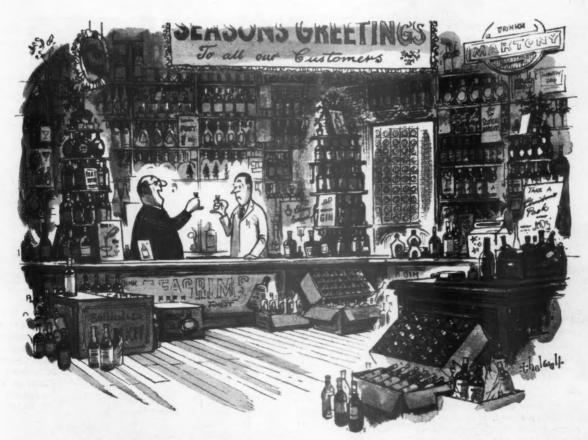
and then and take a chance on Patagonia. We opened the door and pushed him in. He still had his arm curved defensively over his head.

We learned later that Eifion's father, at that very instant, was about to make his revelation: that God had now finished his first total survey and was going to put some definite mark on those he considered mainly responsible for our long-distance distemper. Then in came Eifion, crouched, his face hidden. The howl his father gave sent Eifion's arm leaping towards the latch and the furrow came into full view.

For the next hour Sutro, Minns, Colenso, Eifion and his father went orbiting around Meadow Prospect, joined vaguely now and then by people who believed in pursuit on any terms as a salutary ethic. Then a weary wisdom fell upon the whole contingent and they trooped pacifically into Tasso's Coffee Tavern, where they all had an iced cordial apiece from Tasso, who was against haste and fanaticism.

After his fourth delighted sip at the cordial, Minns turned to Colenso and said that Colenso was now free to do as he wished. What Minns meant was that he had now given up the moral ghost and was inviting Colenso to do as he pleased with his daughter. But Colenso took it the wrong way and sheared off the rest of Eifion's hair that very evening.

Next Week: It Figures



"A Merry Christmas, Humphries."

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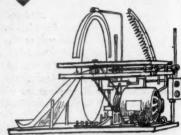
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treme ooked Does he/she "protest too much?" Cushpants are the answer. Quilted, flock-filled, fully tested by leading actress, recommended by 96 of the Committee of 100. Cushpants defy the coldest pavement but give no tell-tale bulge.

From 5 gns.



Ideal for the meat-shy man. An electric carver with instantaneous blade-whir. Correct cut of meat guaranteed to land safely on your plate at last.





## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Even a loved one can become unbearably smug. The answer is to give him a chic "Penance" hair shirt. Available at leading Knightsbridge stores in three degrees of acerbity. From  $6\frac{1}{2}$  gns.



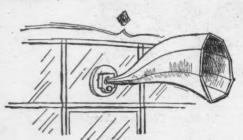
Never been stopped in the street by Whicker or Robertson? Bad luck. But the "Definitely" LP series will bring them right into your own home. They ask the questions, you give the answers from the scintillating script provided. With practice you can improvise your own replies. 42/6 each, with plastic mock-microphone.



Give yo Bakhut ordinary contemp your cal include "Mad La finish. ... £5 15s.

Motorist





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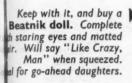
We all know about plastic flowers, but have you thought of planting your allotment with plastic vegetables? Astonish your neighbours. Sample prices: lettuces 2 gns. a dozen; runner beans 6d. a yard.



Abstract sculpture may be beyond your means, but Beachcombers Inc. offer genuine selected salt-waterbleached driftwood gleaned from cove and lagoon by holiday-making art critics. They also have a magnificent range of "Henrimore" pebbles.



For your Brutalist friends, their own modern street lamp. Enquire at your local council for prices.



# NGIDE

Motorist sts! Motorists! Give yo a Beeslington's Bakhut endently of the ordinary Bakhute emits a contemp from the rear of your calertaking. Tones include Snort," "Snarl," "Mad La. etc. Chromium finish. Ith self-amplifier, £5 15s.



No home is complete without a fully-automatic Magimaster. "The Ultimate in Gadgets." Still a bargain at £85.



Keep with it footwise! Winklepickers last year, square toes this, what next? No need to spend pounds every time the fashion changes if you own a Hepwear Shoe-construction Kit. Eight different toe-caps, three different uppers and three different heels, making 72 different styles of shoe yours to command. 12 gns.





Fur-covered chessmen. For winter play—in mink 60 gns, silver fox 25 gns, nutria 15 gns. Only from Statusports of Bond Street.

Stuck again? Why not give him his own Common Market walking stick? Emblems of various countries neatly engraved down the side. Useful for hitting nonsupporters.



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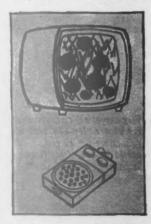
#### CHRISTMAS SHOPPING GUIDE

Think it looks sissy to drive in a safety-belt? Enjoy security and dash with Nobility Belts—precise facsimiles of



the sashes of the major orders of chivalry. Sam Brownes also available if you want to strike a quieter note. From £8.

A must to-day, the tiny but efficient Tellijam. Touch the switch on the vest-pocket-size mechanism and any TV picture within 15 feet breaks up with interference. For home use,



when your family's favourite programme threatens to curtail a reminiscence; and particularly for use in the home of

a host or hostess who invites you for social intercourse and offers Panorama. Only £3 16s. 6d.

#### **Christmas Books**

The Hundred Best Nervous Breakdowns. Edited by Edgar Lustgarten. (Psychiatric Press, 25/-)

The Oxford Book of Oaths and Curses. Edited by Frank Norman. (OUP, 42/-)

The Boys' and Girls' Picturebook of Politics, by R. A. Butler, with drawings by Sir Winston Churchill. (Conservative Central Office, 12/6)

Six Feet Under: the Memoirs of a Mortician. By Patrick J. Diggin. (Downe and Downe, 16/-)

My Pony's Birthday. My Pony's Best Friend. My Pony's Wedding. My Pony's Coronary. By Lucy Cudweller. ("My Pony" Series—Snaffle and Bitt, 7/6 each)

Quips from a Coroner's Court. By Abel Doome. (Planchette and Ouija, 18/-)

Pornography for Beginners. By Helen Sneyd (Kiddibooks, 10/6)

Wit and Wisdom of Harold Macmillan. (Glossop, 25/-)

The Businessman's Common-Market Phrasebook of Noncomittal Statements. (Chandos Press, £4 4s. 0d.)



For the man whose watch is so perfect that he can never tell whether it's still going—the Crescendo Tick Amplifier. Saves hours of worry. From £3.

Is he a barrister? Lucky him, because now at last you can give him a transistorised wig, so that he can listen to



his favourite programmes during medical evidence, summings-up, etc. At Harrods, from 20 gns.

Tired of the dog making off with your slippers? Then why not give him his own this Christmas? Range of colours in soft suède. Can be fitted with hob-nails for the burglar conscious dog.



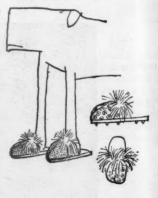
New in the Aerospray range: Spray-in wines. (Cyril Ray says "The atomisation emphasises the nose and increases the effects of the alcohol. The Burgundy is particularly inoffensive.")

Antikit. The only sure kitten repellent. How often have you accepted kittens as gifts, forgetting that the tricksy bundles will grow into splenetic adults? Spray Antikit round your house and you can accept gratefully, confident that one sniff of the stuff will send the creatures high-tailing send the creatures high-tailing send the creatures high-tailing it back where they came from. Rustic odours. Spray these round your flat and enjoy the amenities of a country cottage without its inconveniences. Range includes "Bonfire," "Compost," "Grassmowings," etc.

Porridge. A twin-pack. Spray A into your bowl, leave to oxygenate for two minutes and spray B on top. The resulting chemical reaction both soldifies and heats the mixture. Experiment will give you the consistency you like. Fortnum & Jackson's, 8/6.

Camembert. Guaranteed ripe. Saves all that spreading. Also available in Brie. Any grocers, 6/-.

Fitted covers. Two £1 canisters will revitalise an average sofa.





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# THE CARDS

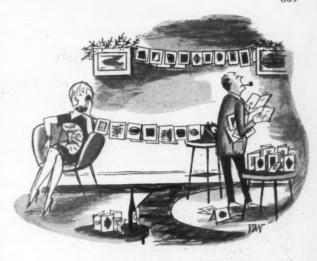
#### Some Display Tips

NEN the most ardent hater of Christmas cards feels bound to put them on show. To draw them half out of the envelope muttering "Who the devil are Betty and Fred?" and put them on the fire will strike his social prestige a death-blow when guests drop in and see his cold, bare walls-apart from the sad loss to nationwide hospital patients who, surprisingly, are supposed to derive great comfort from having their beds weighed down with expressions of goodwill between complete strangers. The very least he can do is to have them thrown at random on a silver tray in the hall, with a card from some titled friend uppermost, and at the next stage he can still retain the general air of carelessness by propping them about the furniture. However, once even this elementary form of display is indulged in the card-as-status-symbol gets a toehold: what is to occupy the star position on the mantelpiece clock: the biggest and costliest exhibit, two hundred square inches of a rare Canaletto reproduced from the private collection of a Duke, but in fact conveying the greetings of the West Hartlepool Chamber of Trade, or a fourpenny robin extorted from a baronet acquaintance by your own personally printed full-colour photograph of the Palace of Westminster from London

Such problems of invidious grading can be solved to some degree by the increasingly popular paper-clipped on coloured tapes method, but only if cards are clipped in strict order of arrival, with no last minute re-sitings of those from Admirals, MPs or TV celebrities which, when the tape is finally secured to the picture rail by its top end, prove to hang out of sight behind the sideboard. Leave them as they are. A well-briefed wife will always pipe up "Where's the card from the Dimblebys, darling?"—and the casual reply "Behind the sideboard"



"Do you want it?—it's a Christmas card with a snow scene of a woman at a cottage door and a robin on a Yule log."



does more in the end than if the thing had been given the grand piano to itself with special lighting.

The great difficulty with all card display is the fact that guests have to be presented with either the outside or the inside. Much painstaking greetings poetry therefore goes unread, sacrificed to highly-coloured groups of snowbound waits in Regency hats with appliquéd frosting: only the most literary recipient can bring himself to fold the card inside out and expose a quatrain beginning "Only to wish you the old, old wish, Now festive days draw nigh," etc. But there is one compromise, i.e. the festoon or string hanging laterally across the room: drop your cards on this (if popular, these), and visitors free of rheumatism in the neck muscles can from a strategic position, and swaying an upward look slightly from side to side, take in the picture and the greeting simultaneously. The snag with the festoon is draughts, as a sharply opened door will shunt the cards along the string into an ugly and meaningless congestion, the larger cards engulfing the smaller and playing havoc with that at-a-glance impression of sheer numbers which is the whole object of any system of card display.

Whether or not the universal and perennial threat not to send any cards this time will really take effect this year it is too early to say. If it does, many of us will be facing a disquieting moral problem. Are we or are we not entitled to swell the reduced numbers by filling the gaps with last year's? And talking of moral problems, the fact that we still have last year's shows (a) that we have no proper feelings towards people in hospital at the goodwill season, and (b) that all our remarks, at the goodwill season, about the — Christmas card racket are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

— J. B. BOOTHROYD

### **Greetings Round the Year**

HIS year I got my first Christmas card on November 28th, the only time, incidentally, that it has ever arrived before my first carol-singer. It was from Kenya, from my old comrade-in-arms Lance-Corporal (retired) Kimungoi arap Chesire, and it wished me, besides the conventional Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Freedom, or rather Fredom. I suppose it really wished

Freedom to Corporal Kimungoi rather than to me, but anyway that is what was written, in his hand, on the card.

I thought it strange to be getting Christmas cards in November, until I reflected that the Christmas festival has no special significance to Kimungoi, whose religion was entered on his AB 64 as "Pagan." I am not very well up in the religious beliefs of the Nandi, but I understand they have a considerable respect for two deities called Ilet-ne-mie and Ilet-ne-ya, which mean The Good Thunder and The Bad Thunder. Neither of these divinities appears on the card; it shows with commendable detachment a pride of lions in the Athi Game Reserve.

But why should I expect Kimungoi to send me his lions on December 25th? As far as I remember, when we were liberating Abyssinia together from the hateful yoke of the Italians, his celebrations of Christmas were entirely cursory. They probably amounted to not going on parade on that day, and perhaps getting something extra in the rations. On the other hand, it is very likely that on November 28th Ilet-ne-mie and Ilet-ne-ya did something of tremendous import, such as striking down a podo tree in the District Commissioner's

garden at Kapsabet.

Now that the influence of what we still call, with a wry smile, Western civilisation is slackening rather, I suppose the date of Christmas-card Day will become more flexible altogether. Many an African businessman would rather sacrifice a sheep than join in a psalm, and I see no logical reason why he should observe our date for his seasonal good wishes. Father Christmas, after all, is a white man, and unlikely to be any more welcome in, say, Ghana than Mr. George Gale of the Daily Express. Come to that, robins in Africa are not so common either, though perhaps they are just as common as reindeer in Great Britain. Mailcoaches have never really been a feature of the Egyptian scene; and as for snow, any snow that gained a foothold on the title of a Christmas Number in Arabia would be a portent every bit as miraculous as a star in the east.

So if I read the signs aright, we are in for a general redistribution of postal greetings. Next year my greetings from Kenya, if I get any, will be timed to arrive on the anniversary of Jomo Kenyatta's release from prison. If any of my friends in Ghana are still at liberty, they will, I hope, send me a card (hippopotamus with snow on it) on Ghana Independence Day. Freddie Orozco in the Philippines will celebrate MacArthurmas Day with a card showing Father MacArthur in a red robe and white beard steering a golden landing-craft into a silver harbour.

Come to that, we may see signs of a similar trend nearer home as well. I don't see why all our resident minorities should slavishly conform to our practices if they don't coincide with their own. There's something rather blasphemous, as a matter of fact, in a greeting from a self-acclaimed atheist that reads "With all good wishes for Christmas—Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men." If he wants me to rejoice in anyone's birth, it should be Charles Bradlaugh's, and his card should reach me on or about September 26th.

It is a development I shall be glad of, I must say. For one thing it will be possible to exhibit my cards without recourse to these ghastly erections of string and sticky tape; for another, it will ease the load on the Post Office without reducing its income.

— B. A. YOUNG

## CARD INDEX

WHAT SORT OF CARDS WILL THEY SEND? Opposite, the senders. Below, the sent.



The Business Card At least 12"×8", stout materials, ful colour. From the Pachyderm Building Development Co., Ltd.

2. The Super-slick,
Semi-sick, Must-be-withit Card Bottoms-up at all costs,
from "Bunry", ex-hoofer, now
saleswoman at superior,
non-pornographic Charing Cross
Road bookshop, part-time
receptionist amateur art
exhibitions, Guildhall. Circulated
to host of emphatically nonsquare girl-friends.



3. Traditional-sentimental
Card From Him: ("Robbie",
in Publicity. Tweed hats at
weekends; reads Hemingway,
lan Fleming, Beaverbrook Press)
And Her: (On six committees,
Favours the daily cold bath, sensible
shoes and flogging).





Graphic Artist's Personal Card Annual design problem solv yet again to impress artist friends and clients in advertising. Hopes to get it in 'Graphis' one day. Once more he's sworn that he'll send shop cards next time



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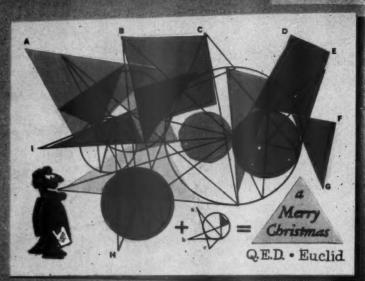
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# And I Quote

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

T'S too early to say, at this stage, whether I'm going to attack Mr. Macmillan or the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Anyway I'm in a fighting mood, so perhaps they'd both better stand back. How is it, I'd like to know, that of all the words spoken by the first of my targets not one appears in the second? As a matter of fact the Macs are poorly represented altogether in these distinguished columns, and that's including the Mcs but leaving out Macaulay. Surprisingly enough they've got Joe McCarthy in there, and what he said, apparently, was "You made me love you, I didn't want to do it." I don't think it could have been the same man. Then George Macdonald said "Where did you come from, baby dear? Out of the everywhere into here." And Sir James Mackintosh said "A frivolous work of polished idleness," which has an incomplete ring to me, and would go better with a main verb.

Nothing at all from Harold Macmillan, however, and I therefore venture to refer responsible parties at the Oxford University Press to *The Times* of last Saturday week. "But Mr. Macmillan was in a grave as well as a gay mood," said a report of his speech at Eastbourne; not that this is the bit I'm talking about: I just throw it in to show that in the view of *The Times* man gaiety had occurred three lines earlier in his dispatch where the Prime Minister was quoted as saying to the spellbound members of the Export Council for Europe: "Gentlemen prefer blondes but diplomats always leak."

If the Oxford D. of Q. likes to make a start now, and drop the Prime Minister into his rightful slot between Norman Macleod\* and Leonard Mc-Nally\*\* this seems to be an ideal remark to make it with. Ideal I mean, of course, from their point of view. It has precisely the elusive flavour, the air of having said something so good that the ordinary reader feels it's a bit

remarks made by earlier statesmen and whisked into commemorative print. Look at Gladstone. I suppose it's safe to say-though perhaps a little reckless -that he said more things than even the present incumbent, and even he only got nine of them into the hall of fame. However if people are still asking what he said in 1881 there it is, on record. He said "The resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted." It was at a banquet in Leeds. And it wasn't the first good thing he'd thrown off either. As long as two years before he'd spoken at Dalkeith, and the Oxford talent scout was there, quick to jot it down. "Out of the range," said the GOM, "of practical politics." And there it stands to-day for all to see, and admire, and wonder why. The absence once more of the main verb is significant, perhaps doubly so as there isn't a verb of any kind. I've tried saying this to myself, and I find it best when spoken with a scornful wave of the arm and a preliminary "Pah!"and preferably in answer to a question of some kind such as "What about threepence off the income tax?" or "Why don't we send a gunboat to Afghanistan?" But it still seems odd to me that it should have been picked out from a whole speech, let alone

beyond his flimsy intelligence. In this it would chime in admirably with

political pronouncements.

I'm beginning to wonder, in fact

from more than half a century's

\*"Courage, brother! do not stumble."

\*\*"Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."





"Do I make a complaint, or accept it as an exotic oriental delicacy?"

whether the remark "Gentlemen prefer blondes but diplomats always leak," isn't a little too neat and well-tailored and comprehensible for the OD of Quotations after all. It's easy to be misled in these things. It seems suitably meaningless at first glance but I can imagine a situation in which the editors had seized on it as an obvious candidate and sent it down to the printers for the next edition, and then had uneasy misgivings and decided to wait for something better, something more titillatingly obscure. Or they may even have worried about boring their readers with repetitions because they've got half the remark in already under Anita Loos (and of all the things she said it's the only one that

Personally I think the Prime Minister's on the right lines, and ought to keep trying for inclusion. The formula's there, there's no doubt about that. It's just a matter of trial and error. I see several possible permutations according to what political problem happens to be in the wind at

the time. On immigration, for instance, we could have "Shrimps make good mothers but Barbados is entirely dependent on sugar." The ebb and flow of economic crises should prove a rich field. "Roamin' in the Gloamin' but a strong pound"; "You can take a horse to the water but it doesn't mean cheap butter"; "There's so much good in the worst of us but the railways still lose money" and so forth; endless opportunities.

And surely the happy persistence of the international situation offers plenty of scope? Forgetting that confounded Dictionary for a moment, there ought to be a certain reprint in Izvestia for a really quotable epigram: "Yes, we have no bananas but Russia has even fewer" or "Two things stand like stone but the Ulbricht régime isn't one of them." I realise that the Moscow interpreters and commentators might not quite know what to make of them but by that time they'll have had a bit of practice on "Gentlemen prefer blondes but diplomats always leak." And jolly good luck to them I say.



#### BLACK MARK . . .

. . for people who park their boats at the side of the road. Yes, boats-sailing dinghies on trailers, the new status symbol of the middle-class. In thickly-populated urban communities, where you're lucky to be able to leave your car within a quarter of a mile of your house, it's a bit much to find the parking space increasingly occupied by boats laid up for the winter. No doubt the owners will ask plaintively, in the tone they learnt as motorists, where they can leave their boats for the winter. The answer is so simple that it is easy to see why the middle-class owner-sailor overlooks it: if they haven't anywhere to lay their boats up, they've no right to have boats. Let's hope the first summonses for obstruction are even now on their way.

# From "British Foreign Policy"

A Central Office of Information Reference Pamphlet

(Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1s. 9d.)
"...a guide to the general British approach
where, on specific current issues, no precise
commitments—into which the United Kingdom does not lightly enter—formally
indicate what the exact line of British action
is to be."

"A distinguishing feature of British foreign policy has been a general attitude of seeking to align and identify British interests with each of the above prevailing conceptions of the common interest of the nations, as they grew, in turn, to command general or majority acceptance. While generally careful not to get too far ahead of the general movement of opinion, Britain has often acted as a pioneer of the newer conception of the common interest and when convinced of the majority acceptance of a conception has not hesitated, when necessary, to champion it, seemingly alone, against enemy odds."

"The prevailing views of the common interest of nations have of course varied and evolved from one period to another."

evolved from one period to another."
"On other, more positive aspects, the major concensus of effective opinion among the nations has held at different times different views of the common interest and the means of promoting it."

"British foreign policy is to-day engaged in the task of organising with the greater part of the nations of the world the promotion of the common interest in the light of the conceptions generally now prevailing."

tions generally now prevailing."

"Like democratic self-governing processes, the British policy is inevitably at some times and in some ways slower, more complicated, less spectacular. But in the long term it has worked, and not without success both for Britain and for her fellow nations of the world."

So now we know.

# Essence

GRUMBLE-RUMBLE week at Westminster. Monday's grumble was on the Coal Bill but Mr. Nabarro and Lord Hinchingbrooke were only able to get six rebellious Tories into the lobby to support them. With the Socialists voting with the Government this did not amount to much and Mr. Shinwell rode it off by denouncing Mr.

Nabarro as a blatherskite.

All the real rumbling and grumbling were of course reserved for Tuesday and Wednesday and Immigration. The Immigration Bill has aroused more interest in Parliament than has anything for a long time. It is the first measure in this Parliament that has got Members into the Chamber to listen to its debates, and those who came received a rare supererogatory treat before they got down to Immigration in hearing Mr. Leslie Hale at the top of his rip-roaring form asking for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the North Atlantic Shipping They heard about a French maire who kept sporting guns, four fishing rods and three mistresses, on all of whom he lavished devoted care, rubbing some of them over with an oily rag every day and treating the others after their What bearing these activities had on North

Atlantic Shipping was far from clear and the House refused Mr. Hale his leave but it had its

laugh.

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The Immigration debate was mainly notable for the extraordinary badness of the speech of Mr. Butler. It was a speech so bad that anxious Members with long faces asked one another whether "the old boy was breaking up." Mr. Grimond compared it to "a comment to an under seven debating circle." The admirable Mr. Llewellyn Williams spoke of "a punch-drunk ex-heavyweight champion boxer-not knowing what to hit but blindly lurching out in various directions in the faint hope of hitting something," and indeed it

was difficult to find even the beginnings of coherence in his argument that it was impossible to control the Irish but that we might do something about it if the position became desperate. Mr. Butler's argument seemed to be that he

The Immigrant Irish

had already thought of everything but, if that did not work, we had better wait until 1963 on the off chance that

he might think of something more. Mr. Butler has for many years been a statesman of wild eccentricity, whose speeches have often been illuminated by scintillating flashes of inspired lunacy, but there was no inspiration on Tuesday. On that day's showing the Attorney-General in comparison with him was an intellectual. From the Government benches there was a lucid and conscientious speech from Mr. Nigel Fisher-but it was against the Bill. There was a good speech from Mr. Hall, of High Wycombe, about the very real problem of the dispersal of immigrants, but it was a little punctured by Mr. Howell's intervention, which pointed out that the Bill suggested no solution for dispersal. The Socialist front

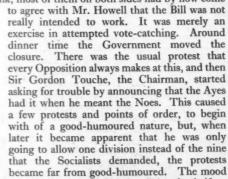
benchers, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Gordon Walker, were in happier form than they had been for some time, but perhaps the most attractive speeches of the debate were those of Mr. Nigel Fisher and of Mr. Charles Royle. It was lucky for the Government that the first amendment that happened to come on the Order Paper was one that was not of great practical importance. It was to exempt from control inhabitants of colonial territories, and most Members talked about West Indians. But of course there was no denying Mr. Butler's point-let us give him credit for this-that most of the West Indians were going to become independent in a very near future and that therefore the exemption would not have much practical importance. Therefore discontented Conservatives were given a good let-out from voting against the Government on this amendment and the Government got a better majority than it will perhaps get at some of the later stages. Colonials disposed of the House then

The Funny Side of Matrimony

devoted itself to an hour and a half of hilarious, if perhaps not always very friendly, laughter as Mr. David Renton tried to plough his way through Mr. Wade's amendment to let in the wives and relatives of immigrants. Mr. Renton was in general sympathetic, but there are with West Indians, as indeed sometimes with other people, often difficult technical questions as to what is and what is not a wife, and somehow Mr. Renton's rulings about "common law wives" struck Members as funny. Somehow almost anything strikes Members as funny as it

gets towards midnight. Wednesday was an even less happy day for the Government. Things had jogged along until dinner-time in comparatively

tranquil discussion on a number of linked amendments to exempt various countries. Members were not wildly excited because I think, most of them on both sides had by now come





MR. DAVID RENTON

grew ugly and Sir Gordon suspended the sitting for half an hour to allow tempers to cool. When Members reassembled at once a wholly new point emerged.' Sir Gordon had, it seemed, suspended the sitting without having the Mace placed upon the Table and, if so, the suspension, it was argued, was irregular. For the second time within a few days owing to a procedural breakdown Members went home several hours earlier than they had expected, and the Government had wasted a whole day. The Socialists went home rejoicing. On Thursday the Speaker gave his ruling and it seems that in his opinion the House need not have packed it in after all. The House could not, it is true, have taken a division without the Mace on the Table, for that would have been "an act of the House," but the Speaker could adjourn the House because that was only "an act of the Speaker." One had always understood that the Mace was in an especial way the symbol of the Speaker's authority. It therefore seems curious that the Speaker can act without the Mace but not the House.

PERCY SOMERSET



#### All That Glitters

THE mood of the stock markets has been neither ebullient nor seasonable. Consett and the Congo, helped by the gloomy economists of the National Institute, have sent prices down. Fortunately there have been exceptions to the general trend and if there is a common thread running through them, it is that they glitter: silver, gold and diamonds.

The price of silver has recently been set free, has risen and looks like rising further. It was previously held prisoner below 80d. per ounce by official sales from the US Treasury reserve. That reserve of saleable silver is now empty and sales have understandably stopped.

This move came, not surreptitiously but with blatant inevitability. Consequently every speculator who could lay his hands on silver has bought hard and every industrial user has stocked up. This goes a long way to explain why the effect on the price so far has been a modest jump of 5d. Here is another illustration of the law of the invisible hand. By tending his own profit (and taking the risks involved) the speculator has been smoothing fluctuations in prices and presumably acting in the national as well as his own interest.

Be that as it may, once the speculative position had been cleared, the price of silver looks set for higher levels—not perhaps so high as to induce massive melting of the junk that clutters the sideboard, but high enough to have a perceptible effect on the profits of companies engaged in silver mining.

Four of the companies which are likely to benefit are Fresnillo, Burma Mines, San Francisco Mines and Lampa Mining. In each case the price of the shares has risen somewhat but is likely to rise further if and when the price of silver breaks well beyond the figure of 85d. or \$1 per ounce.

The interest in gold shares, mostly South African, has broadened for a number of reasons. They are the evidence of greater political stability in the new republic; the recovery in South

Africa's exchange reserves and the hope that if this continues there may be some relaxation in the restrictions on capital movements out of South Africa. The recent reduction in the South African bank rate must buoy up these hopes. Beyond, and beckoning in the very distant future, is the hope that the price of gold will be raised.

There are obvious political risks in buying South African shares but they are compensated by low prices and high yields. The shares most favoured by investors and which are likely to continue to hold the centre of this particular stage are those of the finance companies, including Goldfields, Union Corporation and Anglo-American Corporation.

The political risk is also there with

diamond shares. The investment is much more concentrated in the De Beers, Anglo-American group. trade in diamonds continues good. Solid testimony has recently been provided to the efficacy with which the group handles the diamond industry. It is the renewal of the agreement by which all Russian diamonds intended for sale outside the Soviet bloc are purchased and marketed through the De Beer group. This is the highest compliment that could be made to its efficiency. De Beers shares at around 150s. yield more than 8 per cent and Anglo-American Investment Trust at £14, nearly 9 per cent. Both these will pay well for their keep.

- LOMBARD LANE



Hens Off The Hook

THE number of active—or producing—hens in this country is not known. But the overall figure, taking in non-producers, members of the family, etc., is astronomical. We have had about twelve hens for some time now. "About" may seem to indicate careless calculation in the context; but to us living in a clearing in the deer forest of Rothiemurches, it is an inevitable qualification.

Our birds are middle-aged and produce one egg per week per—so to speak—comb. This sop to tradition is largely inadvertent, a throw-back in habit, a tenuous strand of instinct still clinging to a clan that has almost entirely grown wild. We seldom see these hens. They roost in the lower branches of silver birches; they lay their small quotas in ditches, heather, and reeds. Oddly, and against nature, they paddle in burns. Oddly, too, their characters are un-henlike. They are bold and wrestle with adders, weasels and cats.

Now and again, though, they descend on us, their owners in name, and sit sneering along the sills of our living room windows. They foray through the kitchen garden, picking holes disparagingly in our kale lettuce and rhubarb, clawing and squabbling, closing their ranks at our half-hearted attacks with hoes and golf clubs.

About the last thing you can claim for the ordinary or civilised hen is personality. Our Amazons have this trait to the full. They are strongminded, individuals. One, indeed, no doubt formerly a decent wife and mother (now goodness knows what) visits us at meal times, dismisses the dog to an undignified corner and stands brazenly at my chair demanding in staccato clucks her share of what is going. Another (or can it be the same one? See my vague calculation above) we meet walking the lanes after dark.

Of course, we built a run, laid ground bait inside; but we caught only the less sophisticated. And these raised such a clamour that we had to let them go. We caught two and tried tethering them to posts on long cords tied to an ankle. They fought together, stirring clouds of feathers and dust, each apparently blaming the other for this inexplicable lack of liberty.

We are afraid that one of our wantons will brood over a clutch of ambiguous eggs, for instance in a brier thicket. Or that they will entice our three ducks away from their domestic pond to the metaphorical bright lights of the

moors . . .

The life that our hens lead will, of course, take its toll. They'll disappear gradually. Next year, perhaps, we'll re-stock with home-loving types. But will the call of the wild have echoes?

- FERGUSSON MACLAY

PUNCH, December 13 1961

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# Punctuation by Steadman





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#### AT THE PLAY

Critic's Choice (VAUDEVILLE)

DURING the second act of Ira Levin's comedy there is a passage which deals, quite seriously, with a potentially interesting theme. Ought a dedicated dramatic critic whose wife has written a play that he knows to be a stinker review it, and if so ought he to pull his punches? It is true that the situation is more dramatic than probable, but the same might be said of King Lear. Mr. Levin, however, does not seem to care what the situation is, for he has sandwiched this slice of drama between thick layers of the kind of comedy in which people converse in wisecracks like "It was a hotbed of hot beds." If, in fact, there is anything which this play is not, it is an integrated whole.

Ian Carmichael is the critic, Parker Ballantine, in every way a more fortunate critic than his colleagues in the stalls. Apart from his own ineffable charm, he has this pretty young wife Angela (Muriel Pavlow) and a twelve-year-old

son (Lindsay Scott-Patton) who provides him with useful critical phrases which he files in two boxes, white for favourable and black for adverse. All the time Angela is writing her play, Parker is writing a book called Don't Write That Play. We hear him dictating his snide, oily sarcasm—well, that's what Angela calls it—into a dictaphone in his study on the OP side of the tidy composite set; and then, as night follows day, we learn that the progress of Angie's play is exactly the opposite of what he says is the rule.

The odd thing is that, even though all the critics ultimately agree with Parker that the play is a monster ("she has taken the arms and legs of Agamemnon and grafted them on to the body of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"), it finds a producer and a director (and, I suppose, a backer) without trouble. The inevitable rift comes on the night of the New York opening. Parker consoles himself with his former wife, an actress who left him on account of his notice of her playing of Helen of Troy; and Angela comes within a step of walking out with Dion

Kapakos, the evolved beatnik who directs her piece.

Reconciliation all round is, however, achieved during the third act, and the final curtain falls on a scene of restored harmony and the prospect of a new understanding.

Perhaps if the comedy had been funnier the dichotomy of aim would not have been so glaring, but I must confess that I found it less than uproarious. Mr. Carmichael has a well-tried routine for expressing charm (scratching the head when puzzled, slapping the back of the neck sharply when coming to a reluctant decision) and he is indeed charming; in the scene in which, sitting drunkenly on the floor, he explains how he became a dramatic critic he is also very funny indeed. Muriel Pavlow has little opportunity to be more than petulant or sentimental; the fault, dear Ira, is not in your stars, but in your lines; and anyway Miss Pavlow is jolly pretty. Lindsay Scott-Patton, the boy, also ploughs a difficult furrow, but actually made me like the unlikeably cute, sophisticated child he has to portray. Una Venning makes a first-class job of Angela's cynical mother; but Terence Bayler never gets to grips with Dion, the director. More than anyone else he suffers from the fact that the play is written in colloquial American and spoken in RADA English. This is a handicap for all the characters but a death-sentence for one who can only be American or nothing. — B. A. YOUNG



IAN CARMICHAEL as Parker Ballantine and TERENCE BAYLER as Dion Kapakos in Critic's Choice

#### AT THE PICTURES

La Vérité The Knife

A BRIEF prologue to La Vérité (Director: Henri-Georges Clouzot) is in English: there is M. Clouzot himself, looking dubiously into the eye of the camera and explaining to us that in a French criminal trial the judge is concerned to find out the character and background of the accused by questions of his own, and not, like an English judge, an impartial authority who decides at the end which side has made the best case. Presumably Columbia, the producers of the picture, got M. Clouzot to do this because otherwise the impression given to the ordinary English or American moviegoer watching the trial that is the

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framework of the story would certainly be a feeling of outrage because the judge sometimes seems to be behaving like a prosecuting counsel. (A word afterwards with one or two people who came in late showed me that this was exactly how they did feel.)

It's quite an effectively gripping piece, like almost anything founded on a trial scene, and it makes a sensible, worthwhile point; but it isn't a real spell-binder of the order of such classic Clouzot works as Le Salaire de la Peur and Les Diaboliques, and it seems to last rather longer than it should. I don't mean there are any scenes that could obviously be dropped, only that the mixture is sometimes a trifle thin. And the ingredients of the mixture are not in essentials unfamiliar, either in the direct narrative of the trial or the flashbacks that show us all that led up to it. But this matters comparatively little, because of the film-making skill, the striking detail, the good acting; these hold our attention and get the point over.

Or should; from some published opinions I gather that not everyone gets it. What I take it to be is this: to demonstrate how the result of the testimony of a number of perfectly honest witnesses who are doing their best to tell the truth about some occurrence may be to give an utterly wrong impression of it. Here Dominique (Brigitte Bardot) is on trial for murdering her lover, and the film interweaves flashbacks showing what actually happened with the account of it given by witnesses in court. They are all telling "the truth," as we can see; we see what they saw and did, we recognise that they are describing it quite honestly; and yet, as we can also see, the real truth is nowhere near as simple as anyone judging from the evidence would think. The people in court don't get the right impression, and Dominique's passionate outburst from the dock to this effect is, to us, very understandable.

To summarise; she quarrelled with her parents and left a good home, lived lazily and immorally in Paris, fell in love with Gilbert (Sami Frey) but treated him with utter selfishness and then, when he got engaged to her conscientious, hard-working sister Annie (Marie-Jose Nat), set herself to get him back and at last shot him dead—on an occasion when she had meant only to threaten suicide. But as we see the way all these things happened we realise that such a summary, although perfectly true, is not

"the truth."

The best of the picture is in the trialscene framework: the changing atmosphere of the court, the growing feeling
of expectancy before the prisoner arrives,
the affable give-and-take between the
suave, beaming prosecutor (Paul
Meurisse) and the solid, shrewd defender
(Charles Vanel), the cunning balance of
reactions among witnesses, judges and
court officials, and spectators. It's not a
great film, but it's worth seeing. (I mean



CHARLES VANEL as M. Guerin and Brigitte Bardot as Dominique Marceau in La Vérité

the French original, the one at the Curzon; the dubbed version at the Columbia was not shown to the press.)

The narrative convention by which some young person "grows up" as the result of a brief series of experiences never did appeal to me much. Too often it is used in the manner of a simple confidence trick—the young person is introduced, the experiences are narrated, and the mere statement or implication that they have caused "growing up" is used, whether it's justified or not, to round the thing off. Usually too of course the youngster is a girl. But in the Dutch Het Mes, or The Knife (Director: Fons Rademakers), the central figure is a thirteen-year-old boy, and the formula, if one can call it that, seems unusually successful.

We first see Thomas (Reitze van der Linden) as he sits miserably in the back of a car in which his mother and tutor are taking him to boarding-school. Then come the flashbacks as he remembers what has happened in the summer holidays. "The knife" was a decorated Oriental one which he stole from a missionary exhibition, and though for him it signified only self-assertion and self-defence the film indicates, sometimes rather too obviously, its true symbolism: he threatened a young girl playmate with it after watching rural lovemaking in the woods, and he threatened his widowed mother with it after realising that she and his tutor were lovers. Then-a sad explanation by his mother, and the decision to get rid of the knife; and here

he is in the car, vaguely realising by the end of the film something of what it all meant, and less unhappy.

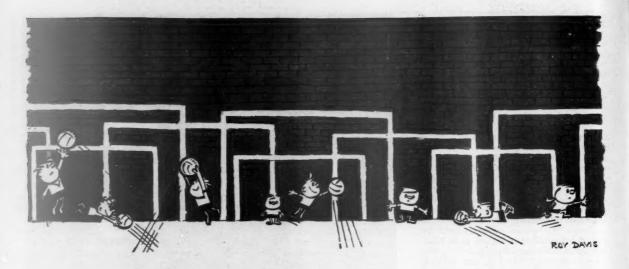
There is more than a hint here of that confidence trick mentioned above, in that we're simply told that he works out the meaning of what has happened and "grows up" in consequence; but the film is done with enough sensitiveness and perception to make the change in him understandable, and the boy actor does well. It's cheering to have something so good from a country not known for film-making. — RICHARD MALLETT

#### AT THE GALLERY

Henry Lamb, RA (1883-1960)

Memorial Exhibition
(LEICESTER GALLERIES)
Derek Hill, Retrospective Exhibition
(WHITECHAPEL GALLERY)

HENRY LAMB had an ageless quality about him. His interest in people and the traits of their characters was as acute and perceptive in the last phase of his life as it had been thirty years before. He was equally interested in, though severely critical of, his means of artistic expression. The least "abstract" of painters, he said that he liked to have "words and music in a picture." In these conditions, naturally, portraiture was a rich field for him and here he had his greatest successes. His large "Lytton Strachey" brought him fame in the 'twenties, and in this exhibition there is as well his "Evelyn Waugh" (painted in 1930, lent by Lord Moyne).



It is a formidable likeness of the distinguished satirist as he then was. Of the small landscapes and sketches which he produced throughout his life "Anemones" and "Landscape, St. Satur" are a personal preference.

Henry Lamb had an almost morbid horror of the easy effect and the obvious solution. The painting problems which he set himself were often abstruse, but because of his humanity the appeal of his work is wide.

Derek Hill is a crisp delightful painter of views on a very small scale. When he takes to larger canvases everything good seems to collapse: drawing, design, colour contrasts. are left with mere unrelated facts. If, as Berenson said, a painting should both illustrate and decorate, that is worse than useless. Derek Hill at times overdoes the foam and glitter of the sea on stormy coasts-hanging on to the note too long. Should he be able to add a cubit to his stature by battling on with large works, well and good, but meanwhile this is a retrospective exhibition which we are asked to judge, not that of a promising beginner.

- ADRIAN DAINTREY

#### ON THE AIR

#### Shelley Berman

PROGRAMME designed to exploit a comedian's talents once and for all cannot in fairness be compared with the offerings of regular mirth-mongers, the comics who depend for their cakes and ale on repeat performances on stage and little screen. Shelley Berman is known in Britain for his brightly amusing gramophone records, and to help him on his way the BBC last week gave him 45 minutes of peak-viewing

time. Splendid. Magnanimous. Excellent for Mr. Berman.

He made good use of his opportunity. He sold himself and his records. But the greater part of his programme consisted of patter about the show itself, about the audience and its reactions, about Mr. Berman's jokes and why they are funny. This kind of thing is not exactly new; nearly all the American comics are adepts at it and it needs the utmost self-confidence, superb timing and genuine dramatic skill to get across. Mr. B. has them all. In fact his effrontery and bravado were at times quite shattering. His technique for winning laughs seems to be based on two principles of audience participation. On the whole he avoids, the obvious and requires the listener to make a succession of simple mental jumps to keep up with This flatters the audience into believing that the entertainment is up among the higher peaks of cerebration, and makes it strangely pleased with its own sophistication and cleverness. Then again he works on the assumption that an embarrassed silence, if only one can generate it, usually brings its own relief in the form of a fit of the giggles.

Mr. Berman's act makes the most of both approaches to humour. He has no props other than a high stool, an endless supply of cigarettes and the mobile face of a clown. He uses his fist as a telephone -much as Jeanne de Casalis used to doand invites the audience to fill in the chatter of the unheard interlocutor. There is one such sequence where Mr. B. is trapped in an hotel room that is apparently without door or window or light-switch. The resultant exchanges with the hotel desk are pretty funny, but the final desperate throw of "Oh, I am!" which told us that the hotel room was in fact a cell in a mental hospital, glanced too obliquely for most of the audience seen and unseen, and surprisingly for most of the newspaper critics.

Not all the patter was of this high standard, however. There were times when it descended to the level of Workers' Playtime and the pier-end follies. Gertrude Stein, said Mr. B, was once "sitting on her veranda—which sounds terrible . . ." And was. Something else was described as "impeccable, which means without peck." There was uproarious mirth from the audience when in an ingenious but wellworn item about the morning after the night before mention was made of "my headache seltzer—the name of which I cannot mention on the BBC." "Shakespeare, that old thing, was said to have been written by George Bernard Shaw. That old thing!" Then there was some dreary business with English and American literary usage, leading to the usual confusion between gas and petrol and a culminating broadside from Mr. B. who pretended to eructate and then delivered the line of the evening: "Excuse me, I have some petrol." Among other items culled from the mists of antiquity were references to the dentist's waiting room, the finger jammed in the door, and the cigarette stuck to the lips, and it says much for Berman's outrageous optimism and verbal dexterity that they all came

After half an hour the comic retired from his script and adlibbed quite brilliantly. He seemed to enjoy this sequence enormously, preening himself before the wondering, bemused glare of his public, revelling in its concentration. "The show is over," he said. "It's been over for twenty minutes, and I'm waiting for you all to leave." A character, this man, a card.

Oh, yes, there was one other thing. He tripped over his own feet.

- BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

# **Booking Office**



#### THE CHAMBERLAIN TRAGEDY

By LORD BOOTHBY

Neville Chamberlain. Iain Macleod. Frederick Muller, 30/-

I CANNOT understand why Mr. Iain Macleod, with laurels still fresh upon his brow and a career of dazzling promise ahead of him, has chosen this moment to dredge the evilsmelling political pond of the 'thirties. Some of us had to swim in it. He did not. If his object was to rehabilitate Mr. Chamberlain, he has failed; because he has nothing of substance to add to the melancholy story which has already been recorded, at tedious length but with meticulous accuracy, by Sir Keith Feiling

In private life Neville Chamberlain was affectionate and sensitive, with a great love and knowledge of country pursuits and of the music of Beethoven. These are endearing qualities which were rewarded by the complete devotion of a small and intimate family circle. In public life he was aloof, arrogant, obstinate and limited. He was also a failure. "Everything I have worked for," he told the House of Commons, with absolute truth, in September 1939, "has crashed in ruins."

Mr. Macleod tries to paint a picture of Chamberlain as a great radical social reformer. It is unconvincing. He was a first-class municipal administrator, who well understood and radically changed the structure of British local government; and he was the first prominent politician to grasp the power of the political machines in the modern age, which he reanimated and subsequently used for his own purposes.

There it ended. It so happened that this reviewer was parliamentary private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1929, and saw something of what went on behind the scenes. The mechanics of the Local Government Act were the work of Chamberlain, devised with faultless efficiency; but the vision and drive which underlay the whole conception of de-rating came from Churchill, and in this field the

efforts of the Minister of Health were confined to attempts to whittle it down. Chamberlain was a miniaturist who had no use for large brushes.

It was the same when he went to the Treasury. An inherited belief in protection, and the fact that we had fortunately been driven off the gold standard, enabled him to pull us out of the abyss of the worst depression in our history and set the stage for an economic recovery. There it stopped. Lloyd George "New Deal," of which Keynes was the principal architect, was-in Mr. Macleod's own words-"sniffed at as the poorest stuff imaginable"; and on pages 172 and 173 of this book we find a contemptuous and total rejection of the Keynesian economics, which have enabled capitalism in a free society to survive in the modern world.

As Chancellor he tinkered with the cancer of massive unemployment. There was no serious attack on the problems of the slums, the distressed areas or the roads—he actually "raided" the Road Fund at a time when nearly two million stood idle. But the invincible conceit persisted. Those inside the Government who wanted more strenuous and effective action, such as Elliot



and Ormsby-Gore, were sardonically christened "the Boys' Brigade"; and those outside, including the present Prime Minister, were dismissed as "fellows who think they ought to have had office and want to show the Government what a mistake was made in leaving them out." Meanwhile he was writing to his sister Hilda that it amused him to find a new policy for each of his colleagues in turn, and that he was more and more carrying the Government on his back.

When Chamberlain became Prime Minister he found himself at the head of a country with inadequate armaments and vast responsibilities, in a turbulent world of naked power politics. order to avoid attack, and possible defeat, he had to achieve a balance of power; and this could only be done by means of instant rearmament on the greatest scale, and an alliance with Russia. He rejected both and turned instead to the ill-fated policy of appeasing the Fascist dictators. Hence the failure to build the Grand Alliance in time. Hence Munich. Hence the Second World War. The logical conclusion of his policy was a total British withdrawal from Europe; and, to do him justice, this was what Lord Beaverbrook assumed and desired. To commit us, as he finally did, to the defence of Poland-much farther away Czechoslovakia—without assurance of Russian support and with Hitler by then in strategic control of the Continent, was a gesture of such recklessness that it very nearly encompassed our destruction.

Oliver Stanley once said that to Baldwin Europe was a bore, and to Chamberlain a bigger Birmingham. It was too true. Confronted by a frantic and ferocious madman with a destructive genius of unparalleled malignity, he dealt with him as if he were a recalcitrant town councillor who could nevertheless be relied upon to keep his word—to him. As a result Hitler pulled off, at Munich, one of the biggest bluffs

known to history.

Unlike most Prime Ministers
Chamberlain always saw people who
wanted to see him, however unimportant they were. He invited me to
call upon him at Downing Street on
August 24, 1938, after I had returned
from a Continental tour, and listened
with courteous attention to all I had
to say. When I had finished he remarked, in his brisk way, that the
Germans were attempting to impose a
reign of terror upon the whole Continent,
and added, "I gather that you are of
the opinion that the gangster element

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amongst the Nazis is now in complete control, and that they will stick at nothing.' I felt encouraged by this, but it made no difference. He held to his course. "I like," he said, "to stick to things even after there seems no chance of success." That, and a quite unreasoning optimism, was his undoing. Even after war was declared he thought that Hitler had missed the bus, and had a "hunch" that it would be over before the spring. The final phase of his life when he passed, within the space of a few months, from the dizziest heights of apparent success to the depths of public and personal disaster, had something of the nobility of Greek tragedy.

Winston Churchill once wrote that life is a whole, and luck is a whole, and no part of them can be separated from the rest. As Alan Taylor has truly pointed out, Neville Chamberlain had no luck at all. Not even Mr. Macleod

can bring him that.

#### THE FOOD DICTIONARY

Larousse Gastronomique. Prosper Montagné. Paul Hamlyn, £4 4s. 0d.

This encyclopaedic work, translated for the first time and superbly illustrated with drawings and coloured plates, is a bedside book to last a lifetime for those who eat for pleasure and not for mere survival. Twenty-five pages are included on the preparation of eggs, and six on eels; nearly a page is devoted to gardenwarblers. Here are the French classic dishes, and vast numbers of others; much catholic information is on tap for the eager reader, who will learn that tapir, if treated as wild boar, is excellent eating.

Ratatouille is unaccountably missing, and Chateau d'Yquem is recommended with hors d'oeuvres and fish, but even such massive gastronomic scholarship must nod occasionally. There are must nod occasionally. There are useful sections on the vineyards of France, and charming biographies of the master cooks. The very short piece on English cooking is studiedly polite. Ten minutes with this noble book would stir the most laggard digestive juices.

The publishers have issued a warning against the recipe for rhubarb leaves.

- ERIC KEOWN

#### **NEW NOVELS**

The Day of the Tortoise. H. E. Bates.

Michael Joseph, 7/6

A Handful of Time. Helen Foley.

Hodder and Stoughton, 16/-

Turbulence. Christopher Hodder-Williams. Hodder and Stoughton, 16/-

Capitan China. Susan Yorke. Macdonald,

THE Day of the Tortoise is a long short-story which does not quite stand up on its own. Fred Tomlinson lives at the beck and call of three peculiar sisters and has a fleeting affair with an extravert girl from the dairy. It is poignant and mildly funny and would, perhaps, seem a little thin if it were not for Mr. Bates's intense visual imagination. What a perplexing writer he is; he dithers between the intensely felt and the slickly confected. This is certainly unlikely to attain the success of his Larkin entertainments. On the other hand it is too simple-minded, too Coppardish to stand beside his best serious work. However, it is very pleasantly readable and, as usual, there are passages of feveredly observant prose which lift the proceedings to a higher level.

A Handful of Time interested without exciting me. The time passes at Cambridge, from pre-Munich to post-Potsdam. Clever, English Frances, who wants a love-life but only gradually comes to want love, is friends with clever, Austrian Fanny, who loves—bitterly, hopelessly, gloriously—the wild Irish don Patrick, already married to a well-heeled English icicle. Personal relationships are set, perhaps too carefully, against backgrounds of place and time; one senses behind the hard work of writing the hard work of looking up the Cambridge Review to see what had been on that week. However, even if the novel is a bit obviously planned, it is motivated by an intense interest in people.

Turbulence is about defects in aircraft and defects in men. The aeronautics and the psychology are mixed in with quite a good plot about trying to hide the failures of planes from their buyers. The setting, a manufacturing company's airfield, offices and wind-tunnel, is

# Searle's-eye View

3-SAMUEL BECKETT. as the imagination sees him, and as the camera does





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elaborately and efficiently blocked in. As a layman I was not worried by the technicalities. I could follow enough to be agreeably stimulated by the unintelligible bits and, I imagine, the more one knew the more one would enjoy it. Of course it is always possible that the more one knew the more mistakes one would find; but I was content to take the author's expertise at its face-value. I felt he was trying to do too much; but that is a healthy and rather unfashionable fault in these days when episodes are dragged out to book-length. Although the novel creaks a bit and there are some deafening changes of gear, Mr. Hodder-Williams has a good story to tell and tells it effectively.

Capitan China is an historical novel about Malay in the early 'seventies from the unpredictable Miss Yorke. Kip Cha runs away from the backbreaking ricefields of southern China and becomes involved with a Malay sultan, the leader of the Chinese and a European soldier of fortune. There is a sub-plot about some emeralds owned by the soldier of fortune's aristocratic family which does not really melt into the novel. The military background of the civil war is not quite so completely realised as the quality of the girl's loyalty or her rapid education in the strange new world; but it is, after all, struggle and conquest as seen by a very feminine spectator in a society where women's place is peripheral to everything but childbearing. Some of the incidents have the unforeshadowed dottiness of life and the whole book has not merely the romantic attraction of places and periods which come fresh to the jaded reader of historical tales but a drive that swings you along, even if you are never quite sure where Miss Yorke is really taking you.

— R. G. G. PRICE

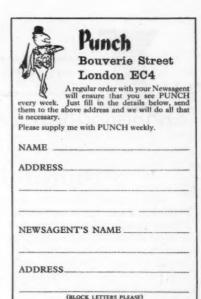
#### THE QUEEN'S COURTIER

Elizabeth and Leicester. Elizabeth Jenkins. Gollancz, 21/-

Miss Jenkins won widespread acclaim for her *Elizabeth the Great*. Her particular *forte* is in the delineation not only of character but of its development, and in evoking the colour and atmosphere of Elizabethan times.

Temperamentally incapable of marriage, yet insatiable for flattery and applause, the Queen loved this handsome, florid, courtier as well as she could love anyone; and Leicester, over the years, came to understand her tortuous mind. He was not as entirely unscrupulous as some of his rivals; he maltreated, but did not, as alleged, murder his wife; he was an efficient Master of the Horse, an office he never neglected, and he was a patron of learning. Elizabeth and Leicester and their entourage are vividly described, and though this is not the definitive political biography, it is skilfully written and makes excellent reading.

The limelight is, of course, stolen by the Queen with her pungent, sometimes brutal, Tudor turn of phrase and her scintillating, unquenchable, vitality which made people remember "how goodly a presence she carried even in



the opinion that the gangster element

her latter days." Leicester's life was entirely dominated by her; his main ambition, to found a great family, thwarted. Denbigh, his heir, died young, and his son by Lady Sheffield was never legitimised, though he was to make a career at sea and to be remembered "for being the first of all that taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges."

- JOHN BOWLE

## Credit Balance

Scottish Literature and the Scottish People: 1680-1830. David Craig. Chatto and Windus, 30/-. A solid but lively blending of literary criticism and social history that owes much to the technique of Dr. and Mrs. Leavis and even more to the American literary histories of Van Wyck Brooks. The period covers "the last flowering of the vernacular poetry and the rise and hey-day of the native novel." It looks backward towards the ballads and forward to the genius of R. L. S.

Larousse Encyclopaedia of the Earth. Paul Hamlyn, 63/-. Not alphabetical but well-indexed. More concerned with ammonites and the Mohole than with aurorae and Van Allen belts. Straightforward (i.e. on subjects like continental drift tends to describe most widely accepted theory and just mention existence of other theories). 400 large pages, with good pictures, many in colour. Ends with advent of Neolithic Man.

Ships and Seamen. Christopher Lloyd. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 50/-. Two hundred and twenty big pages of excellent pictures, with just the right amount of complementary text, dealing with ships and sailors from every angle from the romantic to the technical. As instructive as it is enjoyable.

Chocolates for My Wife. Todd Matshikiza. Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6. These recollections, by the composer of the King Kong music, of his last days in South Africa and first days in England bubble like champagne and give more idea of what it is like to be black in those two countries than many more earnest books. The naïveté of the writing is mostly more apparent than real, but occasionally only too real.

Macdonald Hastings's Country Book. Newnes, 30/-. Sights, sounds and smells of the English rural scene, sensitively anthologised in assimilable dip-in doses from Surtees to Jerome K. Jerome and beyond, with eloquent photographs. A splendid escape from bricks and mortar.

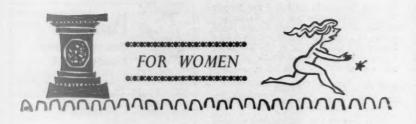
Te:ms of Times and Happy Returns. Dominic Behan. Heinemann, 18/-. Boyhood in Dublin slums with rackety neighbours, friendly drunks, intense Nationalists, deep thinking Socialists, farcical politicians and many an echo of song and story. Goes with a swing and is up among the best accounts of boyhood in Dublin slums with rackety, etc., etc.

A Memoir of Thomas Bewick written by Himself. Montague Weekley. Cresset Press, 18/-. Corrected text, with omission of prosings. Boyhood in Northumberland, wanderings to Scotland and London, life as craftsman, naturalist and Newsatle worthy. Illustrated with Bewick tailpieces.

Television. Robin Day. Hutchinson, 25/-. Not about television in general, not much—surprisingly—about Robin Day, but a lot about television news and feature coverage, a matter of great importance not so far written about as much as it deserves. It could not have been done more interestingly than it has by Maestro Day, in spite of all the clichés.

The International Who's Who. Europa Publications, £6 10s. Begins (after a trot round the world's royalty) with an architect and ends with a TV expert. In between are about 9,000 businessmen, flower arrangers, politicians, soldiers, theologians. etc., all legibly potted. Short on sportsmen: e.g. no Hogan, Kramer or Matthews.

The Lost Plantation.
Secker and Warburg, 21/-.
Contemporary Cuba and among Cuban exiles in Florida.
Deadly criticism of assumptions about Castro's "Communism" elegantly and gaily flicked at America by protean American novelist.
Is nothing beyond this admirable man?



# United We Stand

'M afraid I must talk to you, darling. You always want to put it off. It's too early, it's too late, you're just going out, you've just come in. He's your son too, I would point out. I'm not nagging, I just want a chat, that's all. There's no need to look like a martyr. Is there anything in particular you need to do in the next ten minutes? You're quite sure? Then relax, darling, and we'll talk it over. It's his attitude at home. For all he seems to care I might be the housekeeper. It's up to you as his father to see that he pulls his weight at home. Why can't he make his bed every day? He did at school. On Sundays he even stays in bed until midday unless he goes to church. He leaves his room a complete shambles. Am I supposed to clear it up at that time, when I am getting lunch or going out for a drink with you? Why should his sister do it for him? Women's work indeed! I am NOT shouting. I am speaking very quietly. I am afraid I don't care for the way you seem to think, you men, that because we're females we should do everything in the house as well as try to cope with our careers. This is a home, not an hotel. I'm sick of keeping meals hot in the oven until he chooses to come home. I don't mind him bringing his girl friend to dinner, but when I say eight o'clock, I don't mean nine. You point it out to him. I have and where has it got me? Look at the time now, a quarter to nine. He said he was going round to Mike's for half an hour. That was at seven. I am not losing my temper. I am very calm and quiet. Don't you say that to me. How dare you? I don't spoil any, I mean either, of my children. And there's another thing. He keeps swiping our cigarettes. Not yours! You never leave them around. I mean mine and his sister's. We hide them everywhere we can think of and he always finds them. It's a bit much when in one's own home one has to hide one's cigarettes. Besides I forget where I've put them very often. I bought a packet this afternoon and I put it somewhere out of his way. Yes, thank you, I would like one. You had them in your other coat. On the chair in the bedroom. Oh? I can hazard a guess who's been at those. I hope you're enjoying it. Don't shout at me. There's no need to lose your temper because you're affected for once. Why should he? Do you mean to sit there and tell me you want to throw out your own son, make him leave home and go into some sordid horrible digs, where he'd be half starved and cold and unhappy and lonely . . . do you mean . . . I am not being neurotic, I am just amazed . . you beastly . . . Don't shout, I said. You chose to go into the Service, no one made you, why should he go before he gets married if he doesn't want to? I can't help it if he didn't want to go into the Service, everyone hasn't that sort of mind. A fat lot of good it did you, anyway, it just made you tough and hard and lacking in understanding. He's not all that bad, I was just a bit tired. He's a bit thoughtless sometimes. He empties the rubbish into the dustbin every day, unless he forgets. He takes the launderette every week. That's a miserable chore and he hardly ever grumbles about I expected you to be reasonable and helpful and all you do is suggest our son is turned out of his home at the very time he needs us most. Because you have no patience. I repeat, you have no patience, and no understanding at all of the young, you silly old fogey, you. Hello, is that you darling? Home now? Just coming. Yes, you are a bit late but it doesn't matter really, I've kept it hot in the oven. Oh, here are my cigarettes in my apron pocket. Have one for after dinner? Just an argument. He was being a bit awkward. Look, do remember to empty the rubbish after your meal, and I would advise you to be punctual for the next day or two, your father is on the warpath. - DIANA CHILDE

# Three Cheers For Me

I HAVE it on authority (the personal problems expert in my favourite magazine) that to get the best out of people you should act as though you believed them incapable of anything else. How true, I thought, when I read this the other day. My children use this method and swear by it. As babes in arms, they took it for granted I'd want to pick them up any time they fancied; as toddlers, their faith untarnished, they perfected it. No, I'd say, they couldn't walk barefoot to the shops, or push the baby in the doll's pram or wear my ear-rings. A request that we take the big dolly struck me as moderate by comparison-until I'd lugged it through several shops. This happened all the time.

Other mothers caught on. How fond

of children I must be, they would exclaim (rough translation: you silly chump, you). Demur seemed ungracious, my grin of desperation misinterpreted as one of kindness, they never learned the truth. Pretty soon their children appeared in our garden, to bask in my fondness, while they went to the shops. I was a godsend to ordinary impatient people like themselves; they'd do the same for me, only I coped so well with children—who obviously adored me.

Our house, never very smart (what with me being such a kind mother), became a positive byword in the district. So sensible of you not to bother about the furniture, they'd tell me (screwing on chair legs doesn't rate as bother). Neighbours, refurnishing,

took to sending us their old stuff to break up; I kept the home fires burning one winter with the bits. Children came once and returned with their friends and their friends' friends. My pastrymaking sessions (fifty fingers per bowl) became famous, rightly so. It wasn't that I didn't want to smack their bottoms, just that I didn't have time, what with dispensing biscuits and orange juice and opening the door to late arrivals. "Do you do that at home?" I asked one boy, a promising mural artist. "No, but it's different here, isn't it?" he replied, hurt.

Such a happy house, always so full of children, yelled our friends above the racket, dashing away after five minutes or so. (No, it wasn't that they didn't like children, just that their nerves weren't so strong as ours, they said.)

One day I rebelled. "I'm afraid we are going out," I told the assembled throng. They left with regret while I washed my children, found a ball and put on my coat. Leaving the house I collided with two other mothers, hastily dressing their offspring. They understood that I was taking all the children to the park. How kind of me, they didn't know how I did it. I didn't know, either.

As the expert puts it (apropos something rather different), a reputation for easy favours, once acquired, cannot easily be shaken off...

- MARIE BERGMAN

### Tenth Anniversary

H AVE we been married all this time? It seems like yesterday!
Of course, the clock has ceased to chime;
The rug's begun to fray;
The carpets seem a trifle worn;
The chintz is rather faded;
A corner of the bedspread's torn;
The eiderdown looks jaded;
The dinner-service doesn't quite
Take up the space it did;
The sheets have lost their whitest white;
The teapot's lost its lid.
This is a time to pause and think;
To take a general stock;
To let our last two glasses clink,

And buy another clock.

- HAZEL TOWNSON

# Drifting Apart

I SUPPOSE we're both getting older, or it may be the new screaming drill, but things aren't what they used to be between me and my dentist. We first met years ago on the tennis court, me fresh out of school and he fresh out of Guy's—splendid in his whites, he was, and smelling wholesomely of a mixture of new tennis balls and oil of cloves. As we sipped cool drinks after the game I laughed at one of his jokes, and he said he could see that my upper left three needed attention so I jumped at the opportunity and made a professional date on the spot.

He was just as splendid in his surgery as on the court. White was certainly his colour. He tinkled deftly round my mouth with his instruments, exclaiming loudly as he went at all the things that needed to be done. How gentle he was, how nicely he apologised at my smallest yelp, how happily we flirted through those first appointments while he kept my decay at bay. The years passed. He took out my wisdom teeth and did clever things with some front ones that were growing crooked. It was irritating when he married Hilda, his long-lashed receptionist. A lot of the spice went out of my visits and instead of bandying words about and being witty we had serious conversations about tropical fish and different types of floor covering. His beautiful black hair became streaked with grey and his surgery walls filled up with photographs of his children. He was still a kindly man on the whole, but one did catch glimpses of a lurking terseness when he barked at his nurse for making the filling too runny.

Now that my own children are getting teeth, he makes me bring them too. To get them used to it, he says. Makes them good patients later on when they see you enjoying it. These potential patients of his shift and shove round my knees, gazing up at my wide mouth while I keep my upper lip stiff and smiling. No more yelps and oucheseverything that happens to me must be "such fun, darlings." No, looking at him now, my grey-haired dentist with his whiff of Extra Strong Peppermints and that new crabby look round his nose, I can't help feeling sorry for old Hilda. Or is it that I'm just the teeniest bit sour to-day with this excruciating pain in my upper left three, the water from his damned new drill trickling down my neck and every time I spit, having to say to my gaping sons "Isn't this fun?" - EILEEN MEYER



"Oh no, I have no silly prejudices about colour—in fact I'm craxy about the Black and White Minstrels."

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### FIRST APPEARANCE

#### ADDRESS UNKNOWN

THE bell sounded. In an instant, a flinging open of doors, a snatching of boots, a pounding of feet, a stubbing of cigarettes, a slithering-mat-thudending embrace, a scrambling aboard, a counting of heads, a jerk, lurch, rush and clanging as the fire-engine obeyed the call. Speeding, clamouring to police to wave-on at junctions, kerbing cars with an uncurbed rushing, justifying ratepaying, rejuvenating males, exhilarating females, it becomes a chariot, bearing figures precariously adhering.

In a room close to where the fireengine stood, a man, with eyes smokeinured gimlets, charts with the experience of a pension-anticipating professional and says "There's no location shown for

that last call."

Outside, on the pavement, a frightened girl holds the hand of her little brother who, wide-eyed with excitement, says "Fancy all that when all I wanted was to know if they would like a carol sung."

- E. J. CROWE



"Say, pop, d'you think Kennedy'll make it with the Sinatra Clan?'

#### MATRON, HERE I COME!

NURSES are wonderful," my con-valescent husband said. "They're on the go from dawn till dusk."

"So you've said, dear." I plonked the breakfast tray on the bed and glanced out of the window at a heavy black cloud. Thank goodness I had dressed The washing would be dry before the rain came.

"And nurses are never niggled." My husband switched on his bedside radio

set and started his breakfast.

"I'm sure they're not, darling."
Rain spotted the window. I raced downstairs and into the garden. The kitchen

door slammed behind me.
"Nurses work silently." My husband couldn't have said that. Even if he had I wouldn't have heard him. Our bedroom is at the front of the house. Upstairs. Besides newspapers say that patients are clamouring for quieter

"Nurses are patient," my husband said, lunchtime, picking a leg of chicken. "The chap in the next bed to me had to be fed through a tube and . . .

The telephone rang simultaneously with a knock at the front door.

"Is that Fortune 27396?"

"No it isn't," I snapped; remembered the patient nurses, and purred: "I'm afffraid you have the wrong number. The fairly clean-shaven man on the doorstep made his easiest pot-plant sale for streets.

That night I pulled the bed-clothes over my shoulders. It had turned

"Nurses," my husband said, "always open the windows last thing."

I crept out of bed and stifled a yell as my bare toes hit a castor. Nurses, I am sure are never clumsy. I opened the sure, are never clumsy. I owindow and sneezed. Twice.

"Don't tell me," I sniffed. "Nurses never sneeze. Well, I've probably caught pneumonia. Now I'll get to know nurses myself. First hand!"

- FLORENCE L. BEAVIS

Contributions—from writers who have not appeared in Punch before, though Toby Competition winners are eligible-must not be longer than 300 words and must not have been published elsewhere. Address First Appearance, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie St., London, EC4.

#### BOOTED OUT

WITH anxious heart I search for you, And precious time goes sailing by. I look around for sign or clue, And in the corner of my eye I think I glimpse you in the crowd; But some low monster, twice the size, With ruthless drive and greater strength Sweeps past me, deaf to all my cries And hides you from me by a length. I back away my shoulders bowed.

Oh what a cad! No scruples, sir, no To take away the only parking space. - MONA M. MASON

#### OLD MAJORCAN CUSTOMS

WAS spending the last day of my Majorcan holiday on a shopping spree. Rafael, the Spaniard who had escorted me like a rather worried auntie throughout my holiday, had insisted on coming along, for as he said "... You will be cheated; they will say 'Aha, a tourist miss,' and your pesetas will go pouf.'

So I contentedly trotted round the shops, with Rafael happily haggling on my behalf, until I decided to buy my 200 duty-free cigarettes. I made tracks for the nearest tobacconist, but was hauled back by Rafael who said con-spiratorially "Black Market cigarettes much cheaper," and jerked his thumb at

the row of shoe-shine boys.

We walked over to one of them who promptly flipped open one side of his box to show his polishes. Rafael shook his head and muttered something, whereupon the other side of the box was opened to display a selection of French perfume and American cigarettes. Rafael said "This man très bon marché. You give 'im the money and we go to third seat at end of square." I handed over the pesetas, and we sat down on the indicated seat, me feeling silly and Rafael looking studiously blank.

A few minutes went by, and my attention was held by a plump young woman in a very tight skirt crossing the She stopped in front of us, winked at Rafael, hitched up her skirt, and from where it had been secured by an ornate red garter whipped out a pack of cigarettes and thrust them into my bag. A flick of the hand to smooth the

skirt and she was off.

What has really puzzled me is how she managed to walk in that skirt with 200 cigarettes tied just above the knee.

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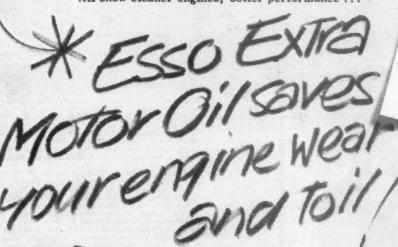
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIX

#### MISCELLANEOUS



British Museum, Great Russell Street, W.C.I. Antiquities, works of art, printed books, manuscripts. Daily 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm.

The Building Centre, Storo Street, W.C.I. Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm, Saurdays 9.30 am to 1 pm.

Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, E.C.4. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am and 2 pm, Saurdays 11 am.

The Design Centre, Haymarket, S.W.I. Daily except Sundays, 9.30 am to 5.30 pm, Wednesday and Thursday 9 am to 9 pm.

London Museum, Kensington Gardens, W.8. History of London. Daily 10 am to 4 pm, Sundays 2 to 4 pm.

The London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, N.W.I. Monday to Friday 11 am, 12.15 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm. Sundays 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm.

Madazme Tussaud's, Marylebone Road, N.W.I. Monday to Friday 10 am to 6 pm, Saturdays and Sundays 10 am to 7 pm.

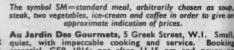
National Cat Club Championship Show Olympic

7 pm. National Cat Club Championship Show, Olympia.

7 pm.
National Cat Club Championship Show, Olympia.
Dec. 16.
Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7.
Natural sciences. Daily 10 am to 6 pm. Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily 3 pm. lecture cours, except Sundays.
Parliament, Strangers Gallery, House of Commons.
Monday to Thursday 4.15 pm, Fridays 11.30 am: House of Lords, Tuesday and Wednesday 2.30 pm. Thursday 3 pm.
Richmond Champion Dog Show, Olympia, Dec. 13.
Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.2. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am to 4.30 pm.
Royal Exchange, E.C.3. Monday to Friday 10 am to 3 pm. Saturdays 10 am to 12 noon.
Science Museum, Exhibition Road, S.W.7. National Museum of Science and Technology. Daily 10 am to 6 pm.
Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily public lectures, children's films, 11 am. Sundays excepted.
Stock Exchange, 8 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Public gallery open Tuesday to Friday 10.30 am to 3 pm.
Tower of London, E.C.3. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 4 pm.
Victoria & Albert Museum. Cromwell Road S.W.7.

4 pm. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Road. S.W.7. Museum of Applied and Fine Arts, all countries, styles and periods. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2:30 to 6 pm. Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, N.W.I. Daily 10 am to 4 pm.

#### RESTAURANTS



The symbol SM=standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as sow, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of prices.

Au Jardin Des Gourmets, 5 Greek Street, W.I. Small, quiet, with impeccable cooking and service. Booking essential, GER 1816; not after 11.15 pm and never on Sundays. Not cheap.

Au Père De Nico, 10 Lincoln Street, S.W.3. Superior Chelsea-French, with minute courtyard. No lunches Sunday. Recommended: lobster, chicken, crèpes suzette. Full licence. Bookings, KNI 4704. SM about 25/-. Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington Street, W.I. Smart, celebrity-spangled. Booking vital, HYD 3183. Not after 11.30 pm. not Sundays. Table d'hôte luncheon 21/6, dinner 27/6.

Chanterelle, 119 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. Smallish, smart, menu short but unusual, cooking above average, Wine licence only, prices very moderate. No lunches Sunday. Booking essential, KEN 0292: latest booking 11.15 pm. 5M, say 25/-.

The Establishment, 18 Greek Street, W.I. Members only. Highly sophisticated cabaret on Beyond the Fringe lines. Not luxurious, not too expensive.

Le Matelot, 49 Elizabeth Street, S.W.I (convenient for Victoria). Small, excellent food and inexpensive wine, keen service. Lunch, Monday to Friday; dinner every day; you must book. SLO 1038. SM, say £1.

Wolfe's, 11 Abingdon Road, W.B. (south of High Street, Kensington). Small, pleasant. Licensed. Open after theatre. Book, WES 6868. Unaggressive service. Balanced international-French menu, not bad. SM 23/-. Favas, 13 Frith St., W.I. Very good Italian cooking at modest rates. Send out for wine or take your own. You can book, GER 7247, but it's not always necessary.

Jasper's Eating House, 4 Bourne St., S.W.I. Tiny but he English food (jellied eels, steak, kidney, oyster and mushroom pie, etc.) is not. Lunch, Dinner till 11.30 pm, Mon. to Sat. Book, SLO 6445. Table d'hote 12/6, 17/6. SM, say £1. L'Escargot Bienvenu, 48 Greek St., W.I. Authentically French in atmosphere and cooking, incl. snaits, frogs. Try Chambery as an aperitif. The

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The best Christmas present is the sort of present you'd like yourself; something to enjoy every day—a bottle of good brandy, for instance. By far the best value in old liqueur Cognac in Britain today is Martell's Medallion at 55/-. It is a "Fine Champagne", as smooth and fragrant as 246 years' blending experience can make it. Try a bottle for yourself first, and you'll find there's no doubt: Medallion makes a perfect Christmas present. C'est magnifique — c'est Medallion.





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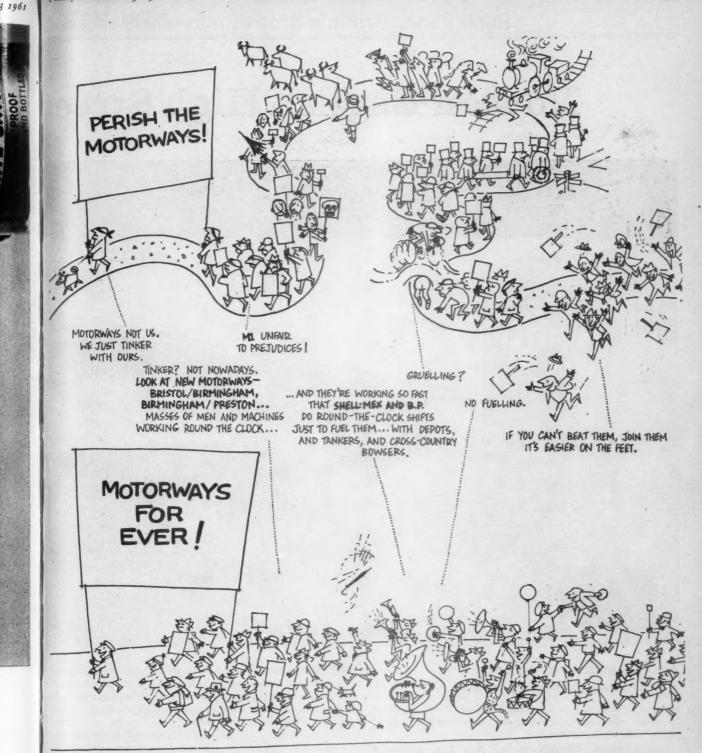
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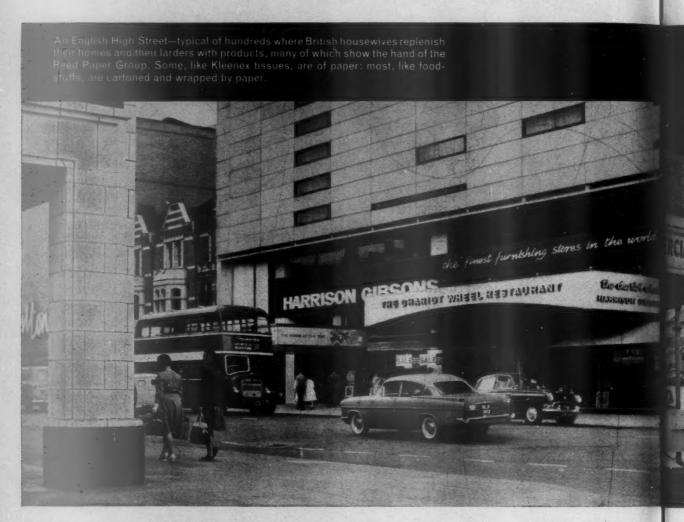
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# Reed Paper Group's growth into world markets 10

# Now an English High Street e



# AUSTRALIA IS A NATION WITH A FAST GROWING POPULATION

Already  $10\frac{1}{2}$  million, if present trends continue, it will be nearly 13 million people in ten years' time. And more than half of these will be under 30 years of age.

Growth has brought prosperity and high living standards. Australians have a personal disposable income of £352 compared with £293 in the United Kingdom. Australians use about 800,000 tons of paper and paper products a year. And over the next ten years consumption is expected to increase by 50 per cent.

The Reed Paper Group finds itself well placed to seize both present and future opportunities. The Reed Australian partner, Reed Paper Products Pty. Limited, has factories strategically placed to supply the ever-increasing needs of the booming sub-continent.

The new Reed partnership in Australia is typical of the global pattern of expansion which the Reed Group is undertaking. A £37 million transaction last year brought three Canadian companies—Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., the Dryden Paper Co. Ltd., and the Gulf Pulp and Paper Co.—into the Group. Other additions include a £2½ million pulp and paper mill, under construction in Norway, and in Italy, in partnership with one of Italy's most progressive organisations, the Group has acquired a leading packaging company and is building a carton board mill.

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To each of these partnerships, the Reed Paper Group brings its vast technical, research and production experience. Each member company, for its part, makes full use of its knowledge of local conditions and markets.

The Reed Paper Group is now firmly established in the four main trading areas of the free world—the Dollar Market, the





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An Australian country town—quiet today, but likely to emerge in the next ten years as a bustling shopping centre. The Reed Paper Group, through its Australian partner, Reed Paper Products Pty. Limited, is ideally placed 'down-under' where the dynamic growth in self-service marketing is producing a packaging revolution.



Commonwealth, the European Free Trade Area and the Common Market. The next few years will see new enterprises started and existing projects developed further as part of the Group's efforts to diversify its activities in this country and all over the world.

For a copy of "Reed in the World", an illustrated account of the activities of the Reed Paper Group, please write to:-Reed Paper Group, Group Publicity Department, Blackfriars House, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

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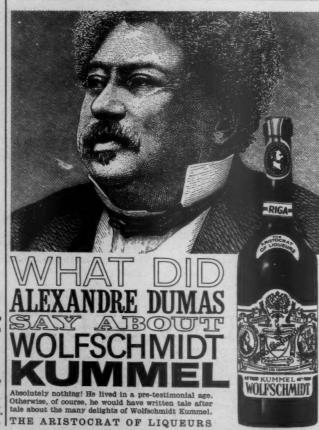
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## BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

#### 1961—A HARVEST OF CHANGE

#### MR. J. S. CROSSLEY ON THE ECONOMIC SITUATION

The 36th ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on January 2, 1962, at 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended September 30, 1961:—

Ir 1960 was a vintage year for political developments in British territories overseas, 1961 also has produced an abundant harvest of change. This year has seen the first parliamentary general elections in Kenya, Uganda and Nyasaland. Sierra Leone has already reached the goal of independence and Tanganyika will achieve that status in December. A referendum in Southern Rhodesia has endorsed by a majority of two to one the framework of a new constitution under which, for the first time, direct parliamentary representation has been given to Africans. Yet another constitutional conference held in London has at last succeeded in reaching agreement concerning the lines of future political development for Uganda. The former British-administered territory of the Southern Cameroons has been merged in the Republic of Cameroun, while in the Caribbean a blow has been struck at the principle of federation as a result of the referendum held in Jamaica.

The most outstanding political development has been the establishment of the South African Republic outside the Commonwealth. Whether inside the Commonwealth or outside, however, our ties with South Africa are real and lasting; the association between the two countries has been too long and its roots go too deep to be easily severed by a mere Act of State. Constitutional and legal forms, fortunately, are not everything in life. Interests held in common, problems faced together and experiences shared are the stuff out of which the complex fabric of human relationships is fashioned. Within the great family of the bank, for example, it is such things as these rather than questions of race, nationality or creed that govern our associations with each other.

#### Rights Issue and the Balance Sheet

The event of the year most directly affecting stockholders was the rights issue which was made during the spring. The result of this offer to subscribe for fresh capital, the first since 1947, may be of interest. Out of 10,879 stockholders, no less than 10,269 exercised their rights. In addition, applications totalling 1,288,465 shares were received for the 188,075 shares which were offered to round off the capital of £17 million. This mark of confidence in the future of our bank, coming at a time of increasing political and business uncertainty, has been a great encouragement. Whatever the immediate future may hold I believe that in the long run this confidence will be justified. The urge for higher living standards in the under-developed countries, particularly in those which have newly found their independence, is a dynamic influence and the need for services of the kind that this bank can offer is likely to grow in the years to come. In order to play a full part in this we shall need substantial resources.

This year's increase of capital marks a further step in building them up and brings the total of capital and published reserves above the figure of £30 million. This is the most significant change in the items on the liabilities side of the balance sheet, of which the principal component is the figure for current, deposit and other accounts, which at £637 million shows an increase of £20 million over the previous year's total. That it should show an increase at all in present circumstances is remarkable seeing that the level of commodity prices has, on the whole, been anything but buoyant during the year and that economic activity in several of our territories has lessened.

The results for the year show an increase in profits, after tax, of £128,653, or 8.8 per cent. The increase would have been considerably larger had it not been for the higher rate of profits tax, which is beginning to bear heavily upon us. Of all the taxes which have been introduced in recent times this, in my view, is one of the most insidious, being not only temptingly easy to apply but potentially devastating in its effect on progressive businesses.

The sudden, sharp increases in bank rate which we have experienced from time to time in recent years are indicative of the disorders in our economic body.

Dislocations in the money market and violent fluctuations in security values are the consequences that might be expected to bear most directly on the accounts of the bank. It is, however, the effect on conditions in our overseas territories and the strains which these sudden changes impose on the whole sterling area to which I should particularly like to draw attention. We have, perhaps, been too much absorbed in our own problem to pay sufficient attention to the difficulties that these have caused, and are causing to others.

It is not enough for us to be able to say that the exchange value of sterling has been maintained by the higher bank rate. The price has been much dislocation of business and additional cost to borrowers throughout most, if not all, of the territories with which we as a bank are concerned. High interest rates in the United Kingdom have not only increased the burden of servicing the internal debt and raised the cost of financing exports, but, by stepping up the bill for interest on overseas balances held in London, they further aggravate the payments problem. The depreciation in Government securities, also, has inflicted embarrassing losses on overseas holders.

Perhaps the worst aspect of all this, however, from the standpoint of our overseas territories is the extra difficulty and expense involved in raising fresh capital. Even when this can be obtained the cost is likely to compare unfavourably with rates quoted elsewhere. In other words, London, as the financial centre of and banker to the sterling area, may become uncompetitive. The consequences could be serious both for London and for the borrower, who might be driven to accept aid with political "strings" attached.

It is hardly necessary to stress here the immense value of the smoothly working mechanism of the sterling area to our trade and, indeed, to world trade as a whole, as well as to the commodity and other international markets, so many of which are concentrated in London. If, however, the centre is to be perpetually subjected to shocks of the kind we have been experiencing the whole structure must inevitably be weakened. While the effect of these shocks is far-reaching they are in themselves only the symptoms of a more serious imbalance.

#### Need to Face the Truth

The truth is that monetary measures are not in themselves a cure for our troubles, which stem from the fact that we are living beyond our means. We are told that there is danger in over-simplification, and this is true. But it is more dangerous still to complicate an issue to such an extent that the simple truth is obscured.

Mr. Micawber's famous dictum: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six—result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six—result, misery" has its message for us today.

Our only sound course today is to reduce our problem to its simplest terms. Unfortunately this is what we so signally fail to do. Since when have the British people been unable to face the plain truth without a gloss on it? Why, for example, at a time when we are obliged to borrow from the International Monetary Fund should publicity be invited to focus on the resultant increase in our ready cash? It must indeed be hard for the uninformed public to know just what to think. We still have to earn the equivalent of that extra sixpence, or spend sixpence less. It is not a high price for solvency—or is it survival? We cannot wait for "something to turn up" in the shape of the Common Market or increased Commonwealth trade, for neither of these things can cure our trouble unless we first put our own house in order. The problems of living with prosperity may prove as testing for Britain as the years of austerity through which she has so recently passed. Her people then gave convincing proof of their stead-fastness when they knew that what was at stake was nothing less than survival.

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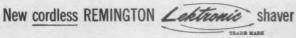
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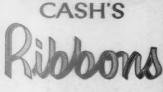
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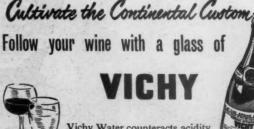
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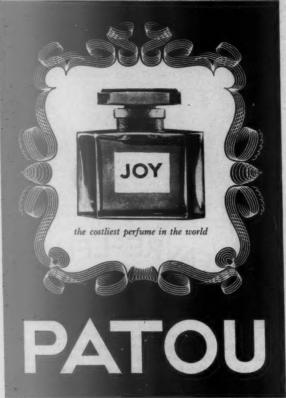
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